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MUSGROVE, LEWIS STANSBURY.
THE MUSGROVES OF LONGDALE

VAULT ITEM

To Alpha Bishop
with gratitude
and real appreciation.

Lewis Stansbury Musgrove

December 30th 1951

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THE MUSGROVES OF LONGDALE

Musgrove

The Musgroves of Longdale

A family record in story form

with

an addendum

concerning the author and his immediate family.

By Lewis Stansbury Musgrove

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D E D I C A T I O N

Being the oldest son of the first son of the original Musgroves of Longdale, it is only fitting and proper that I should write this true story of my family. Having written it, I affectionately dedicate this writing to my daughter

M A R I E

who is, so far, the only great granddaughter born a Musgrove and the only direct female descendant bearing the name.

* * * *

LEWIS STANSBURY MUSGROVE

* * * *

MARIE MUSGROVE
great granddaughter of the original Musgroves of Longdale
(daughter of Lewis Stansbury Musgrove and Marie Kobey Musgrove)

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* * * * * *

Musgrove Coat of Arms.....Frontispiece

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Marie Musgrove - great granddaughter of original Musgroves of Longdale
(daughter of Lewis Stansbury Musgrove and Marie Robey Musgrove)

The original Musgroves of Longdale and their children

Andrew Smith Musgrove and Martha Gatewood Musgrove (Grandpa and Grandma)

Cordelia Musgrove (who became Mrs. John Harrison)

Fremont Frank Musgrove (age 15 years)

Mary Oliver Stansbury (who became Mrs. Fremont Frank Musgrove)

Fremont Frank Musgrove and Mary Stansbury Musgrove (Father and Mother)

Blanche Musgrove and Robert Emmett Harvill

Leola Musgrove and Lillie Musgrove, as little girls
Leola Musgrove Robinson - shortly before her death in 1938

Lillie Musgrove and Samuel R. Robinson (husband of "Aunt Leola")
Lillie Musgrove Ostrander and first son

Alma Musgrove and Homer Holt Lackey

Talmage Thomas Musgrove

"On a Sunday afternoon" - a group of Musgroves and friends

Lewis Stansbury Musgrove (age 3 years)

Longdale - 1911

* * * * * * * * * * * *

PICTURES IN THE ADDENDUM

Robert Ridgeway Musgrove
Lewis Stansbury Musgrove - 1918
Lewis Stansbury Musgrove while a student at W & L University
Marie Robey, who became Mrs. Lewis Stansbury Musgrove
Marie Robey Musgrove and attendants - June 30, 1925
Mary Stansbury Musgrove - about 1926
Marie Robey Musgrove
Robert Ridgeway Musgrove while a cadet at V. P. I.
(Jane) Marie Musgrove - 1936
Fremont Frank Musgrove and Mary Stansbury Musgrove - 1942
Lewis Stansbury Musgrove - 1944
Marie Musgrove at Southern Seminary - 1944-45
Eva Cullen Musgrove - 1945
Robert Ridgeway Musgrove - Lieut. U.S.A. - 1945
Fremont Frank Musgrove and Marie Musgrove - May 28, 1945

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by

LEWIS S. MUSGROVE

Foreword

Because I have always wanted to know more about my ancestors;

Because I feel somewhat remiss in not expending the necessary time, effort and money to trace my family farther back than I have, confirming at least the tradition that a direct Musgrove forefather, some five or six generations back was an English nobleman — or even establishing that Mary Musgrove, the Revolutionary heroine of the true story "Horseshoe Robinson" was truly a Relative;

Because I feel that it would be a shame if some of my family who I have attempted to perpetuate in this one possible way, were "unheralded and unsung" — and their stories and influences gradually disappeared from the face of the Earth and

Because I am hopeful that someday, some descendent of my only child, Marie Musgrove, may be interested in his or her ancestors and coming upon a copy of this book, a novices endeavor, will be grateful and honor me for my efforts, I have written this true story of my family, "The Musgroves of Longdale".

Personalities are exactly as they seemed to me from observation and representation, the incidents are described as they impressed me or as they were related to me and the names, dates etc., are personally known by me to be correct or were taken from family records. There has been no attempt on my part to deviate from what is the truth, to my best knowledge and belief, even though to have done so in some instances, might have resulted in a story more flattering to my family and self.

Lewis Stansbury Musgrove

"Would it not be a blame to us
If their memories part
From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them,
And a shame to us?"

—The original Musgroves of Longdale—

(Back row l to r) Blanche Musgrove Harvill, Fremont Frank Musgrove, Andrew Smith Musgrove, Martha Gatewood Musgrove, Cordelia Musgrove Harrison.

(Front row l to r) Leola Musgrove Robinson, [redacted] Musgrove, Lillie Musgrove Ostrander, Alma Musgrove (Lackey), Talmage Thomas Musgrove, Katherine Musgrove (Mason)

Chapter I
INTRODUCTION

"Ship me back to old Virginia,
Where the summer skies are blue,
Where the gods walk on the hilltops,
In the sunset's rosy hue"

"For I've heard their voices calling,
And it's there that I would be,
In the shadow of the mountains
----------"

Longdale - oh, what memories that word brings forth! Although more than a quarter of a century has passed since most of the hundreds of people who once trod the graveled paths of a tiny village in Virginia of that name, left and scattered far and wide, there are still many to whom the name spells childhood, happiness, romance - life - with all its joys and sorrows co-mingled to form memories - memories that "bless and burn".

Many have gone back - some, many times - only to be more and more disillusioned because the iron furnaces - which had furnished the reason for the village's existence - were years ago dismantled, the locomotives sold, the footbridges are now gone or are falling from decay and the place generally is "grown up" with weeds and bushes. The houses, once so well painted and inviting with rambling roses, honeysuckle and Virginia creeper covering the porches, now seem naked and ashamed since the roses and vines are mostly gone and the wide lawns - once so velvety green, cooled by swaying leaves of numerous shade trees and perfumed by flowers and shrubs - are practically crying out for the care they once had, and to again have bright-eyed, freshly dressed children playing within their borders. Yes, it is sad to go back, yet those of us who have opportunities to do so, seldom can resist the nostalgia which the mention of Longdale engenders - whether the excuse be to explore the possibilities of returning there for one's last days, to visit the graves of loved ones at Sharon or simply to see the old "homeplace" once more!

Although an excellent modern highway passes through Longdale now and there is an ever increasing amount of traffic over it, human beings seldom, if ever, turn into any of the numerous winding side roads which are rocky and almost, if not entirely, impassable now. Underbush and even trees have blotted out the footpaths along which - for fifty years or more, lovers strolled, men hurried to and from work and little children played or explored the wonders of nature. Many of the scars on the mountains, made by the mining of iron ore or simpler prospecting, have been obliterated by time and it is quite within the realms of possibility that some uninformed stranger, in some future day, by chance getting a mile or so back off the highway, may exclaim "This is the forest primeaval"! - he may even think that he is the first white man to have set foot upon some particular spot, but how wrong he would be ! If mountains or trees or rocks could speak, how they would laugh at his dumbness and lack of information - and what tales they could tell him - true stories of the happenings in that valley for a period of more than half a century.

Life at Longdale, where I was born and spent the first eleven years of my life, was different in so many ways from life today, even in small towns, that when I recall those years just following the turn of the century I sometimes feel as though that must have been a different world or that I have somewhere along the line experienced reincarnation !

Many, many times during my life, thoughts of Longdale, my childhood and people I knew there, have come to my mind at what might seem to be most peculiar times - when entering a crowded stadium to witness a football classic, when momentarily disengaged at some social event, when dancing on a moonlight night, three miles out in the ocean, or 65 stories up in the air, when combating the crowds in the subways of the second largest city in the world, when watching huge airplanes alight and discharge their passengers or take off, when seeing some famous

personality such as the President, the King of England or some star of stage or screen and numerous other times - even when driving along some "super" highway, witnessing a demonstration of television or simply turning the dial of a radio. Those recurring thoughts have come at such times of course, because of the dissimilarity rather than similarity to occurrences at Longdale where people of more than local importance seldom visited, where crowds weren't possible, where the air was fresh and pure and where the quietude of late evening and night was rarely interrupted by anything other than a distant bark of a dog, or whippoorwills or frogs at various times of the year.

It seems to me that in those late "Horse & Buggy" days people - at least at Longdale - were primarily interested in life - and its simpler basic pleasures - and they were conscious of nature as observed in practically every form. The young people found romance early, married early and started families early, but for the most part they were ambitious, hardworking and morally good. The influence of the few leading families was pronounced and fortunately for the community as a whole, the standards set were high - almost puritanical. Most of the excitement that ever prevailed had to do with life itself or death, or developed as a result of some human emotion, such as love, hate, jealousy, greed, consideration for others or the lack thereof. Of course, there were frequent accidents to the laborers at the furnaces and mines, numerous domestic clashes and occasional drunken brawls, fights and even murders among the lower class whites and negroes, but generally speaking life was on an even keel - bordering on the monotonous. Nevertheless, had there been a "natural born" writer among the population of Longdale at any time, he or she would have had an almost inexhaustible supply of material for true stories rife with human interest, filled with pathos and romance and fairly dripping with sentiment.

To me it will be most regrettable if a few short years hence,

when all of us comprizing the "last generation" at Longdale will have passed away, we have not made at least some feeble attempt to perpetuate the memory of those families and friends who made the history of that once thriving little iron center of the State of Virginia, now as such, fast disappearing from the face of the earth ! I feel that we will have been negligent and unappreciative and will have failed them and posterity completely and finally, if no one makes any written record whatever of their lives, their personalities, their experiences or their influences. What shame if nobody writes or has written a biography of the gallant Civil War veteran, Capt. Joseph Esrey Johnson, for so long the official head of the Longdale Iron Company, and who is remembered by many of us as a kindly, silverhaired benefactor. The inscription on the modest marker at his grave in hallowed Arlington cemetery makes no mention of course, of his many years at Longdale - and his life's story would be incomplete unless cojoined with that of his queenly wife and helpmate for so many years as well as those of their two sons - each of whom spent his boyhood and early manhood at Longdale.

What pity if no true stories are written about Mr. Harry Firmstone, the chief owner of the company, about Mr. Townsend the quiet and refined little bachelor who lived with Mr. Firmstone and the Johnsons at "The House" and who spent the greater part of many years tutoring not only the Johnson boys but many others including my Father, in many subjects ranging from foreign languages to telegraphy and bookkeeping; about many of the old-time families such as the Bowlings, the Gentrys, the Sorrells, the Mayes or some of the numerous families of Niceleys and Downeys. Even for me, in this writing about my own family, the Musgroves, it is difficult to hold to an appropriate minimum, the references to other families. There are the Harvills. Mr. Harvill is living and is No. 1 of five generations recently pictured in a Virginia paper. Three of those generations are also Musgrove descendants by way of Mr. Harvill's oldest son having married my Aunt Blanche.

The families though scattered have always been friends and it was a real thrill recently to have my daughter introduce me to her attractive friend and schoolmate at Southern Seminary - Mary Jane McKinney, whose Mother was Ella Harvill of Longdale.

There are the Longs - with whom we have been friends for four generations. Mr. Howard Long - grandfather of twins - now the postmaster at Buena Vista - has been one of Father's best friends since they were barefoot boys at Longdale. The Musgroves everywhere, I'm sure, when they hear that one of his sons has been reported missing in action, will be almost as anxious and hopeful as if he were one of our own family.

There are the Holmans - an outstandingly cultured family. Most of the children at Longdale received much of their religious training at the Sunday School which Mr. Holman activated. At various times he was superintendent, teacher of the men's bible class, organist and song leader, sometimes acting in all four capacities. Mrs. Holman was a devoted wife and mother, and a most gracious hostess. The musicales, parties commemorating the birthdays of famous personages, etc. given at the Holman home, and their sponsorship of civic movements and meetings for study of the fine arts, contributed much towards the greater appreciation in the community of the finer things in life. We cherish their memory and hold dear our continuing close friendship with their children and grandchildren.

Then there are the Raysors. Although they came down to Longdale from Pennsylvania only some five or ten years before the "death" of the community in 1911, they definitely have a place in any story of Longdale which extends beyond their times or is concerned with any family or individual affected by their coming. Mr. Raysor's influence - as a capable General Manager of the Longdale Iron Company - even for the comparatively short period - was far reaching, especially among the men.

Mrs. Raysor, who was a most lovable person, soon endeared herself to all the populace, young and old alike, and thrilled the other housewives with all kinds of new northern recipes and methods of homemaking. The three of their children who came to Longdale with them, as well as the two older sons who visited there at times, were quite attractive and no one could deny that they left their imprints upon the minds and lives of many. Their youngest daughter, several years my senior, probably never knew that in my dreams, before I was ten, she was my "best girl" and remained so up until she was engaged to someone else some five or six years thereafter.

CHAPTER II

LONGDALE, its location, "lay-out", and brief history

Before we get into this story of my family at Longdale, let's get a picture of the place itself - and acquaint ourselves with some of its history.

Some years ago a very interesting article entitled "The Saga of Queen Lucy Lives On" was included in the Sunday magazine section of at least one of the Virginia newspapers and from this article (by Ruth B. Scott) I quote as follows: "High in the hills of Western Virginia, Lucy Selina reigned as the Iron Queen. For more than 80 years she was the despot of Allegheny County. A tumbled-down round house and several delapidated buildings mark the spot where once was operated the major industry of this section - Lucy Selina Furnace at Longdale. Since operations ceased more than 20 years ago, the crucibles and tipples have fallen in ruin, the sluices are choked with weeds and the furnaces are only a pile of bricks. Even the vast mountains of slag, poured out red-hot in the furnace's heyday, have been removed. The 13-mile spur track over which the ore was hauled from the slopes of Brushy Mountain to the furnace and the pig-iron from the furnace to Longdale Station for shipment, has been taken up and the rails sold. Only a handful of people live today in the village where once lived thousands. Lucy Selina "is one with Nineveh and Tyre."

FURNACE GAVE IRON FOR CANNON IN '61

In 1827, Colonel John Jordan of Rockbridge County built the iron furnace and gave it the name of two female relatives. To reach the furnace, a good wagon road was a necessity. When the county court at Rockbridge balked at what seemed too formidable an undertaking, Jordan told that body that if it would give him the men, he would build the road. The offer was accepted, and he constructed the first road across North Mountain between Lexington and Clifton Forge, known for long as the

Old National Highway. For three-quarters of a century, the road was the chief thoroughfare, but is now supplanted by the Midland Trail.

During the first year of the War between the States, the furnace was taken over by the Confederate government and operated by General Joseph A. Anderson. Much of the iron used in making cannon and cannon balls of the Confederacy came from this furnace.

Four years after the cessation of hostilities, Harry Firmstone, a native of England, became the owner of Lucy Selina, and organized the Longdale Company.

FIRST HOT BLAST FURNACE IN U. S. AT LONGDALE

It was in the 70's that coke began to be used as fuel, revolutionizing the production schedule of iron ore mines. Longdale was the scene of the first hot blast furnace in the United States. The use of the hot blast rapidly replaced the cold blast furnace, resulting in the abandonment of hundreds of small, cold blast furnaces. In 1880, the Longdale Company opened its second furnace on the location, a hot blast, which brought the daily capacity to 120 tons of pig iron.

INDUSTRY OPERATED WITHOUT SHUTDOWN UNTIL 1911

The industry operated without a shutdown until 1911. At the death of Firmstone in 1920, the property was left by will to Mrs. J. E. Johnson, who, with her husband, Captain Johnson, had been associated with the owner for many years. With the exception of about 1,000 acres, the land has been sold to the Government to be incorporated in the Federal Park system.

COMPANY SUPPLIED ALL WANTS 'FROM COFFEE TO CARTRIDGES'

The influence of English architecture can be seen in the village where most of the houses are patterned after the English rural cottage, but the Firmstone home is a combination of several types.

On a greensward at the foot of North Mountain, Firmstone built a 20-room house and surrounded it with imported cedar and spruce trees. Experts have

said that there are more different varieties of trees on the grounds than any other property in the United States, with the exception of the Rockefeller property at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Longdale property - sometimes called Longdale Furnace - nestled in the beautiful Alleghany mountains of Virginia - at the foot of North Mountain. The mines from which the iron ore was obtained were up the mountain about 4 miles above the village and a narrow gauge railroad owned and operated by the Longdale Iron Co. ran from the mines by the furnaces in the village, past the limestone quarry - oftentimes called "Query" - with various sidings here and there, to connect with the main line of the C & O some seven miles away at Longdale Station. By the State highway - which cut the village into two parts and was called "The Road" - the distance to the closest town, Clifton Forge, was eleven miles and in the other direction over North Mountain and beyond Kerrs Creek - a distance of some 30 miles - was Lexington, 'where the heart of the South beats.'

The pig iron was shipped over the main line of the C & O to the great steel mills in Pennsylvania. "The Company" owned not only the furnaces, the mines, and hundreds of acres of mountain land in all directions, but also to all intents and purposes, the people who lived and worked there.

The village which was located at the foot of North Mountain was cut into two parts by "The Creek" - a mountain stream of cool twinkling water - and the graveled state highway which followed the contour of its banks. On the one side were the furnaces, the cast houses, the blowing engines, the ore washer and dumps, the railroad, "the office" (a converted two-story ancient residence), the machinist shop, the carpentry shop, the chemistry laboratory, and all other buildings, etc. necessary to the production of pig iron. Also on that side was the ice house, in the sawdust depths of which was stored the

ice cut from several man-made ponds. Beyond the railroad leading to the mines, on a leveled off side of the mountain, were a group of shanties, wherein lived the negro workers. Across the creek and road from the industrial section was the residential part of the community - and the commissary, run by salaried employees of the company - where everything from kerosene oil and groceries to dress goods, was sold.

Below the commissary was a row of well-kept frame houses (some two-family) and the "boarding house" - all facing "The Creek", setting back some 50 ft. from the road in yards shaded by beautiful maple, sycamore and oak trees, filled with flowering shrubs and enclosed in freshly whitewashed fences. Well kept graveled walks led from swinging gates to the large porches on the fronts of the houses and over which rambling roses, virginia creeper and wisteria ran. There was a lane and also a side road leading off of this one block "Main Street" - the road winding gradually up into "Piney Mountain", with less pretentious houses dotted along it - and the lane leading around to the back of the vegetable gardens and thence up the hollow back of the Johnson Home to where several families of negro servants - and several poorer white families lived.

Just back of the commissary was one house, with its yard extending to the road, besides the commissary, and above that yard began the grounds of the Firmstone or Johnson "estate". These grounds extended along the highway for four hundred to five hundred feet uphill and then for possibly another 1000 ft. on a high level - all with a depth equivalent to the depth of two or three city blocks. The vast grounds which were a showplace - with imported trees of all types - were enclosed entirely with a stone wall topped with picket fence. Circular and symetrically shaped flower beds broke the monotony of the green velvet front lawn. A wide-graveled driveway led from the imposing gates at the highway, some four hundred feet back to "The House", around to one side and thence down between rows of cedar and spruce trees to again meet the highway just as the steep incline up No. Mountain

began. Behind evenly clipped hedges were perfectly kept flower and vegetable gardens and greenhouses and far to the rear of the grounds were the stables, servants' quarters and various service houses. Into the naturally wooded section to one side of the rear of the house, ran limestone graveled walks - with rustic seats and summer houses along the way. Picturesque footbridges spanned the small stream which wound its sparkling, twinkling way thru the grounds to the rear of the house and then on down to divide backyards below the commissary, from vegetable gardens. The beauty of the grounds equalled, if not surpassed the famed estates of the immensely wealthy on Long Island.

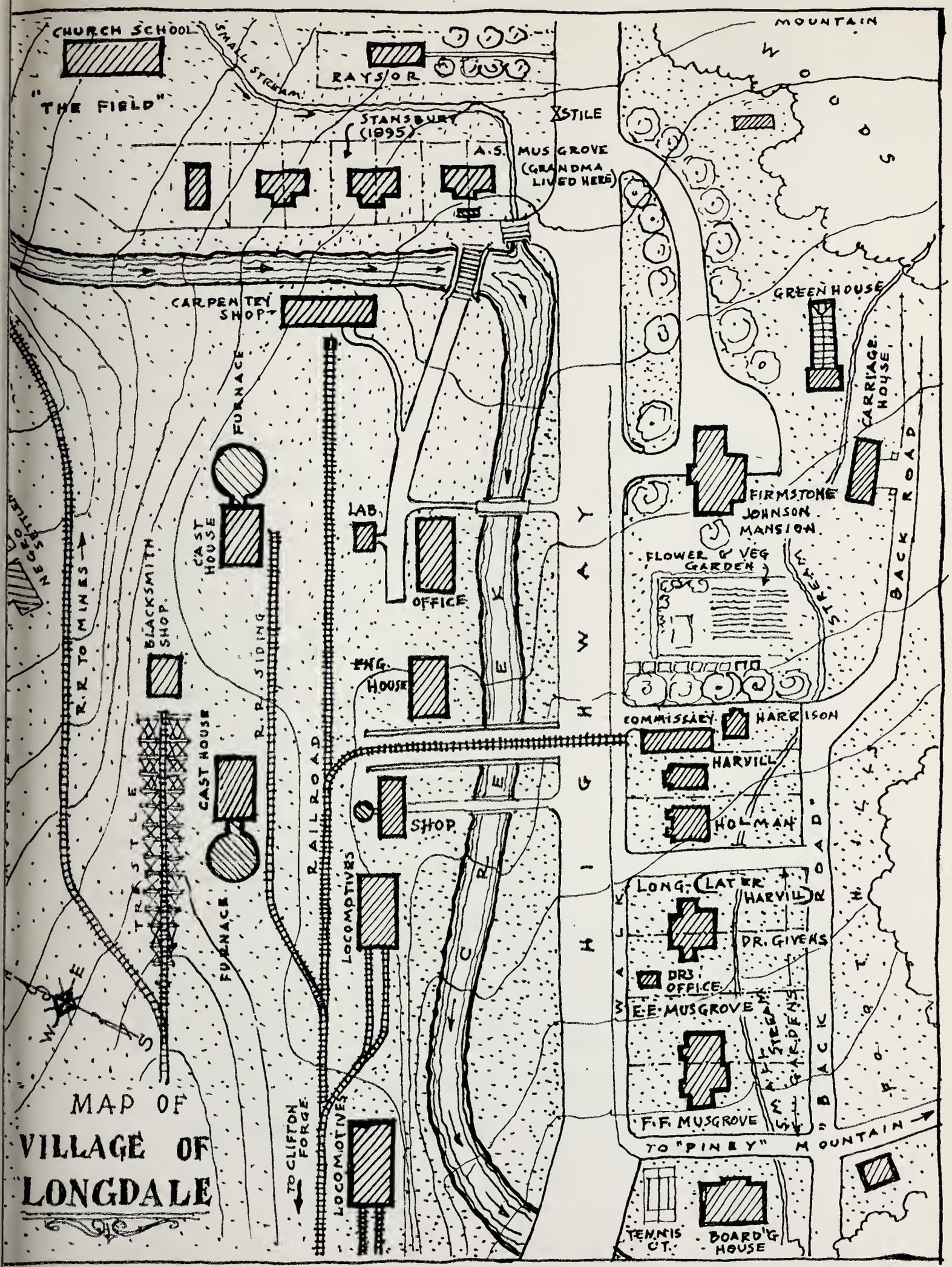
"The House" - where the Johnsons, Mr. Harry Firmstone, a wealthy bachelor from Pennsylvania, who was the chief owner of the company, Mr. Townsend, also a bachelor who had been brought down from Pennsylvania to tutor the Johnson's two sons (and later landed in the office as bookkeeper) and a white housekeeper lived, was a three-story frame victorian structure of twenty rooms, glassed in vestibule, solarium, several cupalos, porches, plenty of the typical "gingerbread" trim, and an observation tower on the roof, like a penthouse atop a present-day apartment building. The furnishings of "The House" were elegant, many having been purchased by the Johnsons on some of their numerous trips abroad. Crystal chandeliers and vases sparkled and the silver and the highly polished massive furniture shone, as immaculate white-coated negro men servants moved quietly here and there over deep-piled Oriental rugs and the finest of large figured Victorian carpeting. The atmosphere was that of precision, with everything run according to the clock and no deviation from custom and routine. Dinner, for which formal dress was donned nightly, was a ritual.

A hundred feet or so beyond the entrace to the Firmstone-Johnson estate the creek curves sharply to the left, whereas the highway continues on more or less in a straight line, as the steady ascent up the mountain begins. Starting at that point where the creek leaves the highway was a

side road which followed the contour of the creek, passing in back of my grandparents house, then some four or five other houses and thence behind the church-school building and finally leaving the creek and curving around the field to meet the highway again just above the general manager's house. At intervals all through the village wide carriage bridges and foot bridges connected the residential side of the creek with the industrial side, - the general "layout" being somewhat as shown on the following plot - and the houses occupied by the families shown, around 1908 to 1911.

The "boarding house" at Longdale, built and furnished by the Longdale Iron Company, was a much more attractive place than the name implies. It was a large three-story frame structure with wide veranda across its entire front, and a wide center hall extending entirely thru the building on each of the three floors. On the first floor were two large living rooms (or "parlors"), a very large dining room (where dances and other social affairs were held), the manager's quarters, butler's pantry and storeroom and a "leanto" kitchen. Guest rooms were on the second and third floors, - to which there were both front and back stairs - and two floors of servants quarters were over the kitchen.

The grounds were spacious and were beautified by trees and many shrubs. There were wide flagstone walks and the tennis courts were separated from the "lawn" by a slate graveled driveway. On the opposite side of the grounds from the tennis courts the lawn ended at a small brook beyond which was a wooded section and steep foothill. Some hundred feet back of the building, at approximately where the brook flowed into the large creek, were twin outhouses - later called "Chic Sales" - and boardwalks, bordered with high latticework (over which honeysuckle, Virginia creeper etc. climbed) extended the entire distance.


CHURCH SCHOOL
SMALL STREAM
"THE FIELD"
RAYSOR
STANSBURY (1895)
A.S. MUSGROVE (GRANDMA LIVED HERE)
STILE
MOUNTAIN
WOODS
CARPENTRY SHOP
GREENHOUSE
CARRIAGE HOUSE
FURNACE
CAST HOUSE
LAB.
OFFICE
FIRMSTONE JOHNSON MANSION
FLOWER & VEG GARDEN
STREAM
BACK ROAD
MAIN HIGHWAY
BLACKSMITH SHOP
R.R. SIDING
ENG. HOUSE
COMMISSARY
HARRISON
HARVILL
HOLMAN
R.R. TO MINES
TRESTLE
CAST HOUSE
SHOP
RAILROAD
LOCOMOTIVES
LONG. (LATER HARVILL)
DR. GIVENS
DR'S OFFICE
E.E. MUSGROVE
STREAM
GARDENS
F.F. MUSGROVE
BACK ROAD
TO "PINEY" MOUNTAIN
TENNIS CT.
BOARD'G HOUSE
TO CLIFTON FORGE
MAP OF
VILLAGE OF
LONGDALE

The furnishings of the boarding house were mostly Victorian - in "feeling" at least - from the large flowered carpeting, gilded wicker tables and side chairs, tufted settees and gold leaf mirrors to the delf and blue willow china in the dining room and the marble topped bedroom furniture.

Boarding house managers were selected by the officials of the Iron Company, probably with Mrs. Johnson's assistance, and usually operated on a salary basis. They were, in effect, combination managers and housekeepers. Many were widows or maiden ladies, who were either in reduced financial circumstances or simply wanted to supplement their other incomes. Occasionally a married couple would take over the management but in such instances it was usually a "side line" for the husband and his wife was actually the manager. The managers hired and fired the cooks (usually negro men), the waitresses and maids; bought the food; planned the menus; supervised the cleaning and repairing; collected from the guests; paid bills and kept books, - and in addition, acted as host or hostess.

There were transient guests at times - men who did business with the company, its employees or their families, but for the most part the clientele of the boarding house was of the "permanent" variety. Any single doctor, chemist or other white collared employee of the company, usually lived there, the school teacher sometimes did and entire families occasionally moved in or just took their meals there. Naturally, arrangements which guests could make were varied, since the place was run - theoretically and actually - for the convenience of the company and its employees.

Andrew Smith Musgrove and Martha Gatewood Musgrove
(Grandpa and Grandma)

Chapter III

My Grandparents arrive at Longdale

Into this secluded but thriving "iron center" of the state my grandparents Andrew Smith Musgrove (son of Demetris Musgrove and Martha Watson Musgrove) and Martha Gatewood Musgrove, with their two small children, Cordelia (born 11-10-76) and Fremont Frank (my father - who was born 1-18-78) moved, via. horse and wagon, about 1880. My grandfather, finding that what was left of a once large and fertile farm in Bedford County (near Peaks of Otta) provided only a bare living for him, his young family, his many brothers and their families, had traveled to the much talked of industrial settlement of Longdale - where a new "hot blast" furnace had just been opened - in search of employment. Although he had as good an education as most sons of farmers, well-to-do before the Civil War, he was unskilled - except as a farmer. He had ambition and determination, however, and he was not satisfied to go on selling off land year after year and trying to feed a greater and greater number of mouths, on what could be raised on the remaining acreage - without slaves, with only worn out and obsolete equipment and actually doing the work instead of supervising and "overseeing". He had even tried working on farms for others - in an attempt to supplement his share of the returns from his father's farm - and it was when he was working in a different section of Bedford County, on a farm near that of the Gatewoods, that he had met "Grandma" (Martha Alvis Gatewood) at a farm social of some kind. Grandma was the second of the nine children of Robert Gatewood (and Martha Harrison Gatewood), a quite well-to-do-farmer prior to the Civil War. Like all other Virginia farmers, however, he had been ruined financially by the War, especially by the loss of his chief investment, other than land - his numerous slaves which had been freed. He was land poor and altho he had a large family of children, none had been brought up to work - neither he nor his wife had yet gotten over the way they had been reared "before the War",

what they had had - and who they were - and even the children were proud, in spite of their comparative poverty. Proud, among other things, of the fact that they were grandchildren of James Harrison (close kin of President Benjamin Harrison) and of his wife, Nancy Thomas Harrison, a cousin of Thomas Jefferson.

When Grandpa, evidently smitten at first sight, shortened his courtship to practically nothing and wrote to Grandma proposing, she, though only seventeen (he was twenty-five) did not falter, but wrote him, on February 24th, 1875, as follows:

"Mr. A. Musgrove,

I received a letter from you a few days ago, for which I am due you an apology for not answering sooner. But I must acknowledge, I was surprised and somewhat astonished at the reception of such a letter, particularly from one with whom acquaintance had been so brief. I presume, however, I was not unlike the most of my age, being quite young it was well calculated to intimidate. I think it is a very solemn thing to decide both upon the part of a gentleman as well as a lady. I presume you have given the subject due reflection and have decided in your mind, the course you will pursue. I have given the subject all the thought I possibly could, since I received your letter and have decided in my mind, to accept your proposition.

Hoping you will keep it a profound secret,

Your friend,

Mattie"

This letter he kept always and it was found among his effects when he died in 1921. They were married December 22nd, 1875.

Grandpa was quite religious and his gift to the bride was a beautiful large leather-bound bible (purchased from a "mail order" house),

in which later their marriage, the births of their ten children, etc. were carefully recorded. Grandpa had found when he went to Longdale that there were few jobs for which he could qualify, but he was undaunted and accepted a position in the carpentry shop, where everything was made, from hardwood frames, shelves, etc. for "The House" to coffins for many of the colored (and some of the poorer white) employees. After he worked a few weeks he "got off" to go back to Bedford to bring my Grandmother and the two babies (and some household effects) over the long tiresome trip of some 100 miles, by horse and wagon, like pioneers of the West, to Longdale.

Once established in one of the smaller company houses facing "The Field" and North Mountain - and the spot near the top thereof, where no trees or underbush grow (which Grandma always referred to as being "where the devil broke his apron string") my grandparents, I'm sure, soon became acclimated. They made friends of their neighbors (mostly good substantial families with increasing numbers of children), shared their joys (what few there were) and sorrows, exchanged recipes and remedies, borrowed and loaned food and cooking, gardening and household equipment and attempted to hold to a minimum the unpleasant situations, which inevitably develop under such living conditions.

Within a year after their coming to Longdale, a third child, Blanche, was born (March 25th, 1879) - followed in rather quick succession by seven others -

Jessie, born February 15th, 1881 (died in infancy)
Zenobia (later called Leola), born October 10th, 1882
Emmet Earnest, born December 21st, 1884
Lily Elcie, born February 11th, 1888
Alma, born June 12th, 1892
Talmage Tomas, born March 31st, 1895
Kathreen, born June 11th, 1899

(three or four grandchildren were born before Grandma had her last)

After my grandparents' children numbered four or five they

moved two doors into the larger corner house, which faced the mountain on the front and the Johnson "Estate" - across the highway, on one side. It is here that my earliest memories found them and where they lived until 1912.

Having children must have been a minor ordeal for grandma and her children were her life. Even up to her death (in 1935) her children and grandchildren were her chief interest. She was never so nonplussed as when two of her children had differences. To her mind, her children could do no wrong, so when one accused another she was in a definitely untenable position - and invariably escaped by wearing each down in turn, with genuinely felt praise of the other.

Grandma was not too energetic and as each daughter became anything like old enough to assume any household responsibility, it was passed along to her - together with the care of the younger children - Grandma from the vantage point of her favorite "Boston rocker" simply directing - a throwback possibly, to her childhood when her own Mother had been surrounded by negro slaves to wait on her "hand and foot". Each afternoon she would let her beautiful auburn hair (which she wore parted in the middle and with a knot at the back of her neck) down over the back of her rocker - almost touching the floor - and whichever daughter was available had to brush and brush, so many times this way and so many that way until it would shine like spun bronze - truly her "crowning glory".

Beyond directing the household activities, Grandma divided her energy between instilling high moral principles into her children, particularly her daughters - and protecting them from Grandpa's type of discipline, when he learned of their deviating from his straight-laced, strictly religious ideas of how to conduct oneself. She was ahead of her day in that she was extremely human and appreciated that there is

such a thing as "desire of the flesh". She took pains to see that her children at early ages, knew the facts of life and even greater pains to insure that at least her daughters, not only avoided moral pitfalls but even the breath of suspicion. She talked freely with them, inspired their confidences and watched them like a hawk. She could literally smell romance, even in its embryonic stages and I doubt if she ever failed to know when a young swain stole a kiss from one of her daughters or squeezed a hand - whether the daughter happened to confide the particular instance or not.

Grandpa never got very close to his children, with the possible exception of the next to the youngest daughter (Alma). Of course, he had little or no opportunity to do so, and I doubt if he tried. He worked long hours six days of the week, went to bed early and got up at an hour which to me was the middle of the night.

Only one person "removed", Grandpa was the religious teacher for the colored people because for years, early each Sunday morning, the highly respected colored man who ran their Sunday school and preached to the "brethen and sistern", would appear at my grandparents back gate and subsequently Grandpa would help him decide upon a text and what to say in elucidation thereof.

Sunday was Grandpa's special day - scrubbed, shined and brushed - and dressed in his Sunday suit - he went to church, had dinner and then, after removing his new high black shoes (with elastic running up each side) and placing them beside his chair, he would settle down to spend the long afternoon reading the "Christian Herald" and his bible. Any of the children within sight or hearing were expected to honor the Sabbath day sitting in straight side chairs with hands folded - and long faces. Grandpa wanted his children to be not only God fearing, but self-denying and he forbade them to dance, play cards or keep late hours - 9 or 10

o'clock being plenty late for anyone to stay up, according to his idea. As the girls grew up they had a terrific time getting their dates out of the parlor - which adjoined my grandparents' living-bedroom - and on their way, at an hour which Grandpa would consider decent, in case he should awaken. He had no hesitancy in calling "Bedtime" in no uncertain terms and regardless of who the guest or guests were, whenever he was still awake at the hour he considered to be the deadline. Occasionally, on Saturday nights, when a group of young people were assembled in the parlor and would gather around the organ to sing, he would more or less enter into the spirit of the party - and would stay up until after the homemade ice cream and cake had been served.

Strong drink wasn't even spoken of in my grandfather's house - at least to his knowledge - and over the doorway into the dining room (which in Winter, when the detached summer kitchen was unhandy, became a combination kitchen and dining room) hung a framed needlepoint motto "Touch not, Taste not, Handle not", with the figure of a half-filled wine glass, around the slender stem of which was entwined a serpent with fangs extended. However, I remember that in later years, my Mother at Christmastime would give Grandpa a small glass of wine with his favorite pound cake when he would come to our house. Of course, by that time he had changed some and in several respects, including how he felt towards Mother - his first daughter-in-law - he had reversed himself. As I have mentioned before Grandma protected their children from Grandpa's terrifically strict discipline (later she protected her grandchildren from their parents' discipline) but now and then Grandpa was not to be outwitted. On one occasion when Aunt Lillie was about sixteen, there was a dance to be held at the "boarding house" and most of the young people of the village were invited (including her), but when Grandpa heard about it he deplored the idea of its being held and announced that no

child of his should attend such an affair. Nothing further was said about it until well after Aunt Lillie - who in her teens, was the prettiest of all Grandma's girls and quite possibly, the most attractive - was dancing away at the "boarding house" - with Grandma's permission. Suddenly Grandpa looked up from his "Christian Herald" and inquired "Where is Lillie?" Grandma replied that she had earlier in the evening, gone upstairs with the younger children - but grandma did not add that later she had come down, attired in her prettiest frock, and gone out, - so grandpa walked to the stairs and called. Receiving no answer he climbed the stairs - which was something he rarely did - to make sure she was not there. When he came down grandma broke down and confessed that she had told Aunt Lillie she might go with some of her contemporaries to "look on awhile" at the dance - whereupon he grabbed his hat and started for the "boarding house", a distance of some two and a half or three city blocks. On the way he trimmed himself a long keen switch and to make an unhappy story as short as possible, Aunt Lillie returned from the dance at a much greater speed than she had gone - and temporarily with much less enthusiasm for any activity requiring the use of her lower extremities.

Cordelia Musgrove
(who became Mrs. John Harrison)

Chapter IV
Aunt Cordelia

My grandparents' first child, Cordelia, must have been a somewhat precocious child - even for those times, or else being the oldest of so many children had made her old for her age, because she was only fourteen or fifteen when she first announced that she was in love with a bachelor twice her age, Mr. John Harrison, who had come to Longdale from Danville, Virginia, to be 2nd in command at the cabinet and carpentry shop. Within the year they were married - with my grandparents' reluctant consent. They lived in several different houses but my first recollection of them is when they lived next door to grandma and their second son, Tom, a lad of eight or nine, who all the family adored - particularly my Father - died, as a result of complications following smallpox vaccination. About halfway between Longdale and Clifton Forge on the old highway and overlooking the Cow Pasture River (which a few miles away, below Iron-Gate, Virginia, joins the Jackson River to form the famous James) is located Sharon Church, and in the churchyard as extended from time to time are buried practically all the white people who died while living at Longdale, and many who had lived there and died elsewhere. In the unusually large space reserved for Musgroves, Tom Harrison was buried, after a funeral in the church, typical of those times in that section. His funeral was the first I ever attended and as Mother often said later, I should never have been taken to it, because to this day I can see Tom lying in his casket, which was left open all during the long sermon, the singing of "Nearer My God to Thee", and as first relatives and then friends filed by to gaze for the last time upon his handsome young face.

Some years later - after the Harrisons had moved to the house on the hill behind the Commissary and next to the Johnson "Estate" - Aunt "Delia" lost another child, an infant, and a most peculiar thing happened, witnessed by Mother, a doctor, Aunt Lillie and Alma, in addition to the Harrisons. Just as the child was dying a distinct knock on

the front door was heard, but Mr. Harrison upon going to the door found no one there. As he returned to the first floor bedroom where the child was breathing its last, an even more distinct knock at the back door was heard, - but there was no one there and Mr. Harrison upon circling the house found no one in the yard or even in sight.

Since Aunt "Delia", like Grandma, had ten children, her entire married life must have been practically taken up with bearing children and rearing them. Her oldest daughter, Ethel, recalls that she was always happy and cheerful - that they had a lot of company when she was a child; that they often gave home parties and dances (of which grandpa must have undoubtedly disapproved!) and that both her mother and father were good dancers.

Aunt Cordelia's death in 1917 in a hospital in Clifton Forge, and at the early age of forty-one, I've been told, was due to pregnancy, against which a doctor had cautioned. She is buried at Sharon besides her several children who predeceased her and where a space is reserved for Mr. Harrison who is still living and must now be well past eighty.

Their ten children are as follows: Andrew J. (grandma's first grandchild); Thomas M. who died at the age of nine; Ethel M., John R., William Henry, Lillie, who died at birth; Margaret; Roy, who died at six months; Fred and an unnamed baby, which was born dead. Ethel recently advised me that there are now ten grandchildren - three of whom are in the service.

Andrew was in World War I, and now has a son in the Army.

Ethel, who is only a year or so my senior, studied music at Longdale with me, under the same delightful teacher; later spent a winter with us in Iron Gate, Va. to attend the high school there and subsequently went into training for a nurse. Several years later she was married to Mr. Peter Cox of Iron Gate and they now live in Silver

Springs, Md. Their son, Porter Cox, is in France with the Army Post Office.

Margaret has been married for years and has a son, I'm told, in the Coast Guard out on the Pacific.

I recall that once when Henry and I were small boys, we were playing on the flat tin roof of the woodshed in our backyard at Longdale. He must have gotten too close to the edge and lost his balance because suddenly he fell, some twelve or fifteen feet to the bottom of the rip-rapped stream which divided our backyard from our garden. He struck his head on a large rock in the creek bed and was knocked out completely for some few minutes. I remember that Mother who rushed to the scene, was quite inquisitive as to whether or not I had pushed him.

I recall little else about the Harrisons. They, like all of the other Musgroves and connections, left Longdale in 1911 (when the furnaces shut down for good) - or soon thereafter.

Other than seeing Andrew briefly at Grandma's funeral (at Sharon) in 1935, I have seen none of the Harrisons for well over a quarter of a century.

Fremont Frank Musgroye
(age 15 yrs.)

Chapter V
Father's Childhood and Young Manhood

"Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy turned up pantaloons
And thy merry whistling tunes"

John Greenleaf Whittier

Down thru the ages the first male child has occupied an enviable position in any family - looked up to by any brothers and sisters and favored oftentimes unconsciously and unintentionally, by his parents. Such was particularly true in the case of my Father (Fremont Frank Musgrove) - and the only peculiar thing about it was that it did not spoil him. Probably there never lived a less spoiled, less selfish child - in fact, I could say "person", because his personality and characteristics, particularly his unselfishness, have remained unchanged even to this day - more than half a century since he was a boy. The words "Sans Changer" on the Musgrove coat of arms are certainly justified as far as Father is concerned.

While later in his boyhood Father had close friends (the Bowling boys, the Gentrys, and "Hop" (Howard) Long, with whom he grew into manhood) as a very young lad, he was sometimes lonely for the companionship of other boys his age. The next son of the family was some six years his junior and the number of boys with whom he was allowed to associate, was limited. So he went his rather quiet "mind my own business" way - completely ignoring many things, including his exalted place in the minds and hearts of his family.

Free as a bird, Father roamed the hills around Longdale and even the mountains behind them, at will, fishing or doffing his clothes to swim in the cool mountain streams as the fancy struck him. Partly because it was forced on him to avoid boredom - but more because of his inherent interest in nature, he became, at a very tender age, a geologist, a biologist and a zoologist - all rolled into one - and the vast first-hand knowledge he acquired by observation and person "research"

puts to shame that obtainable from any college courses in those subjects.

He learned the topography of the surrounding country better than if he had surveyed it; the types of soil, the rock and limestone formations, the caves and what caused them, the ore deposits and veins, where the iron water and sulphur water came out of a hillside or bubbled up on level ground to form a spring, and where salt petre was so plentiful that the slate on which it had formed seemed to have been painted green. He learned to identify by leaf or bark, all the many trees which grew naturally, as well as those which had been imported; to distinguish between a sparrow and a robin or a hawk and a crow, and the instincts and habits of animals, wild and domestic, and earlier than most boys, he learned the difference between a mule and a horse, a steer and a bull, etc.

Gradually, by observation, experience and mental notation, Father, while yet a mere lad, accumulated knowledge, some of which was good to have at each of the seasons of the year. It was he who knew where the wild grapes were the finest, where the chestnut trees were located, where wild blackberries (even the rare, white variety) grew in profusion, where chink-a-pens were plentiful, where the largest, pinkest arbutus lay half hidden under dead leaves and pine cones, where "Paw Paw" could be found, where the most luscious red teaberries grew and where an entire hill was covered with hearty, well bearing huckleberry bushes. He had located the trees to which he could return at Christmas for mistletoe, where the richest, blackest dirt for flower pots could be dug, and he knew the spots on the north sides of the hills, or besides streams in densely wooded sections where the wild fern and running cedar thrived. He knew where water moccasins climbed on fallen trees along the creeks, to sun, where rattlesnakes, copperheads and the huge pine snakes would most likely be encountered, where scorpions and lizards made their homes, where to

set the rabbit traps he made, where birds nested, how to follow bees to a cache of wild honey, where to dig for the biggest, fattest fishing worms and in which stream the mountain trout was most plentiful. He followed streams to their beginnings, located abandoned ore shafts, knew where each footpath and old road led and where it connected with the highway or came nearest to it - and he learned to orient himself with the sun by day, and the moon and planets or stars, by night.

At the normal age Father was enrolled in the county five-month school which was held in the church building, just across "The Field" from his home. All grades from first thru eighth and some high school subjects were taught - by one teacher - but the number of pupils was small. As Father recently expressed it, there was no "finishing" at that school, and continuing to quote him "you simply went as long as you could and then quit when you had to by reason of necessity. However, my parents were very well sold on education - after the county school I went to Dr. Kinney's private school (can give more details if needed). Later the county school had a mighty good man teacher who induced the better people to hire him to continue school four or five months more every year, and it was under this man (a Mr. Allen) that I learned right much about various subjects, including bookkeeping. There is a void in my recollection as to just what I did right after Allen left, but I must have continued in the little church school and at one time I took extra lessons from Miss Kate Berkely who had come from Powhatan - long stories could be told of my experiences at her "private school", but suffice it to say, I must have learned something. Aside from all this, I did more than I would do now in the way of night studying. In fact we had classes at night, which I attended just over the fence from where you were born - where old "Hop" Long and I learned considerable. Memory then brings me to

when I was clerk, weighmaster, electrician, stenographer, telegraph operator, chemist, etc. and to studying Spanish, shorthand, etc. with Mr. Townsend (the tutor for the Johnson boys) until the Spanish-American War, when my duties night and day became so great that I had no more time for it."

Father became a real student at an unusually early age and though he was an extensive "reader" he also studied a great deal by observing and inquiring. He was energetic and methodical and after school would hurry home and finish the numerous chores which Grandpa piled upon him (in spite of the fact that even Grandpa's face was brighter and his voice assumed a quality of almost reverence when he spoke the words "Son" or "Fremont").

After Father had chopped wood, spaded a garden or mowed the yard he would still find time before the 6 o'clock "supper" (dinner was always served at noon in Grandma's house) to go by the carpentry shop to watch a moulding being fitted together, by the machinist's shop to see a casting made, by the laboratory to watch an analysis run - or to observe a locomotive being repaired, to ride in a locomotive cab with an engineer who was shifting cars or taking a tipple car full of molten slag to the cinder dumps, - or he would watch the molten iron at a "cast", run into sand or metal forms, made to receive it for cooling into "pigs", or ride the "lift" to the top of one of the furnaces, or stop by the Doctor's office to see a leg set or a burn bandaged or watch some new electrical device being installed, or an old one being repaired - all the time asking questions and peculiarly enough - receiving correct and informative answers. The doctor and chemist, carpenters and machinists and even the less important furnace workers seemed to respect this inquisitive lad's interest and persistence for learning what made this run and why that was necessary, etc. and they didn't chase him off or give ridi-

culous or mirth provoking answers, but would stop and explain in a kindly manner and to the best of their abilities.

As Father grew into adolescence only Grandma was nonplussed. As I have pointed out, Grandma worshipped each and everyone of her children and would have gone thru "fire or water" for anyone of them, but in her oldest boy her sun really rose and set. She was extremely affectionate and loved to make over her children - calling them pet names and even talking "baby talk" to them, long after they were beyond the baby age. It was only natural therefore, that she should be piqued when Father started spurning her motherly embrace - and actually resented, as most adolescents do, her efforts to span the fast expanding breech between parent and child. However, she was instinctively and predominately a Mother and before too long her heartache cured itself, she adapted her disposition to that of this quiet, deep-thinking and even tempered young man and worshipped him - at a distance.

When Father was in his early teens he started working at the Commissary after school. Mr. Holman who ran the Commissary (as a company employee) was a refined, religious gentleman of good education. Being a friend of the family, and taking an interest in Father, he not only taught him merchandising, but gave him much sound business advice as well. By that time other of the company's keymen had observed that Father was not just a child of one of their number, but was an exceptional youth with keen mind, and willing hands. Even Mr. Firmstone and Capt. Johnson upon engaging him in conversation, when coming upon him here and there around the plant, became cognizant of his aptness. With their attention and encouragement it is not surprising that when Father was about fifteen or sixteen he was persuaded to abandon his plans for obtaining a college education and to accept a position in the

company's office, with arrangements made for Mr. Townsend, the tutor for the Johnson boys, to coach him in high school and college subjects, at night.

Likewise, it is not surprising that in short order Father was keeping the payrolls, paying off the laborers on Saturdays at the window of the office especially arranged for that purpose - sending telegraph messages, pinch-hitting for the chemist when he was sick or "off", taking letters and reports in shorthand and typing them accurately and neatly, figuring costs and profits and doing much of the other work incident to the "white collar" end of the then thriving and highly successful business of the Longdale Iron Company. In due course he became Secretary, which was his position all during my early childhood and until the furnaces were shut down and the company dissolved in 1911. From a social viewpoint Father's young manhood was drab. Probably the lack of opportunity had something to do with it and a possible contributing factor also was Grandpan's aversion to card playing, dancing and late hours. Father never learned to play cards or dance and he was not interested in girls collectively - or individually - until Mother arrived on the scene. In spite of the fact that I've often heard Mother tease Father about reports of his have made eyes and looked wistfully at a certain local belle, before he met <u>her</u>, I'm confident - and I'm sure he will confirm - that Mother was his first and only <u>s</u>weetheart.

MARY OLIVER STANSBURY
(who became MRS. FREMONT FRANK MUSGROVE)

Chapter VI
Mother arrives at Longdale

Three houses from my paternal grandparents there lived, in 1894, a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Ridgeway Stansbury. He had come to Longdale from the capital city of Richmond - to do some special type of work for "The Company" - had stayed on and had some years previously married a Miss Hoylman from "the county" (Alleghany). By 1894 they had two small children (Aubrey, who died in 1940 and Ruth, now Mrs. Vinton Pemberton of Richmond). When his widowed mother (my maternal grandmother) who had come from Richmond to visit them, died suddenly of a heart attack, their friends, including grandma and grandpa, were naturally most sympathetic and were drawn even closer to them in their sorrow. When he was called to Richmond some eleven months later, because of the death of his youngest sister (Clementine, aged 19) they felt that surely "Mr. Stansbury" had had more than his share of sorrow - so early in life. Then, several months later, when his other sister (my Mother) arrived to spend some time in this quiet mountain village - it having been her four brothers' thought that a change of scenery and association might help to lighten her sorrow - the townspeople, practically en masse, were ready and anxious to receive her into their hearts, a position she would undoubtedly have attained in short order, under any circumstances, because hers was a most ingraciating personality, and at that time she was truly a lovely creature - small of stature, with hazel eyes, very dark brown hair and a complexion, the fairness and beautiful texture of which was only accentuated by the deep mourning she was wearing.

In a letter of condolence which one of my uncles wrote last year (1943) to Father, after Mother's death, he referred to Mother's coming to Longdale, those many years ago and stated "I have often associated the "Gay Nineties" with Miss Mollie, because it was then in the early part when I was seven or eight years old, that she came up to the mountains. At that time Mr. Stansbury was a dapper, energetic little man, and "Miss

Atchie" (his wife) was hospitable to us children who used to play croquet in her yard. Sometimes on a Sunday evening there was a gathering and singing around the organ at home and Mama and Papa always congratulated Miss Mollie on her good singing. It was on a summer day that Miss Mollie arrived. After supper, she, with somebody else, walked out in the yard and I noted her city appearance. We were all young then, Papa was twenty years younger than I am now. We had a beautiful horse, "Nellie" and I wished she could have played in the Field. "After the Ball" was new. Tan shoes were just coming in. Yes, it was a long time ago. Since then millions have come into being, grown up, married, had children and grandchildren and died. And probably nearly all of them, because of conditions over which they had no control - because of weakness or ignorance or inexperience or lack of means, lived lives different from what they would have lived otherwise."

" Old Virginia "

" The roses nowhere bloom so white,
As in Virginia;
The sunshine nowhere seems so bright,
As in Virginia.

The birds sirg nowhere quite so sweet,
Anc nowhere hearts so lightly beat;
For heaven and earth both seem to meet,
Down in Virginia.

The days are never quite so long,
As in Virginia;
A nd near so full of happy song,
As in Virginia.

And nowhere is a land so fair,
As Old Virginia;
So full of song, so free of care,
As Old Virginia.

And we believe that sunny land,
The Lord prepared for happy man;
Is built exactly on the plan,
Of Old Virginia.

And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie;
Close where the James goes rolling by,
Down in Virginia. "

Chapter VII
MOTHER AND FATHER
Their courtship and marriage

Mother was born in 1873 on her father's plantation near Richmond - the fourth child of Ridgeway Stansbury and Sarah Jane Oliver Stansbury. Some day I may supplement my Uncle Bill's booklet "Reminiscence of Bygone Days", with a more complete history of my Stansbury ancestors and connections, but in this, my story of the Musgroves of Longdale, I shall pass briefly over Mother's early life - up to just before she became a Musgrove.

Her father, who was originally a "Yankee" from Baltimore, died (as a result of a wound received some years before in the Civil War) when she was but a small child and subsequently the family moved into Richmond. As the children grew into young manhood and womanhood, they had many friends and many good times. Mother was only a year or so older than her sister, and, often dressed as twins they attended the same parties, cotillions and other social affairs in the gay Capital of Virginia, during those late Victorian times. Beaux and admirers were plentiful - the number being swelled by many of the friends of Mother's four brothers, who shyly admired or openly paid court to the pretty and attractive sisters - and altho Mother had given a "maybe" answer to one very ardent suitor's oft-repeated proposal of marriage, before her sister's death and her subsequent visit to Longdale, she had not up to that time met the handsome rather reserved young man with brown eyes and curly black hair who was destined to win her heart completely and in persuading her to be his wife - to change her life entirely - from a city belle to a country housewife.

When Mother ended her first visit at Longdale and returned to Richmond there rang in her ears his parting words "I'm coming to Richmond to see you" and his entreaties that she come back to Longdale soon. He did go to Richmond - at every opportunity - and in due course Mother again visited her brother and his wife - but as it turned out, at a rather

inopportune time.

The family who had been managing the "boarding house", where any single doctor, chemist, teacher or other "higher-up" employee of the company always lived, had left and the Johnsons had prevailed upon my Uncle, who they had already appointed Sunday School Superintendent, and his wife, to take over its management, with a retinue of well-trained servants - at least for a short period - until new permanent managers could be obtained. Shortly after Mother's arrival there broke out in the community a terrific epidemic of typhoid fever and each day additional cases developed. At Grandma's, first one child and then another was stricken, and at each neighbor's house the situation was as bad if not worse. Even the negro population was hard hit, and altho there was ordinarily never a servant problem at Longdale (due to the large number of negroes) a real dearth of good help developed at that time, and many servants just wouldn't show up at the homes where there was typhoid - where they were needed most. Father being unusually busy, due to many of the employees being laid low or kept home by an ill wife or entire family, decided he could not run the chance of contracting the disease from any of his sisters or brothers, and just as Grandma was stricken herself, she agreed that he should move down to the boarding house, where so far, no case had developed. Within a few days, however, Father was not so chipper himself and tho he fought valiantly to keep going, he finally had to give in - to one of the worst cases of all. A practical nurse was assigned to look after him individually, and as he became increasingly worse, an extra doctor was called in, but still his temperature soared and he would alternately rave deliriously and lay in a coma, all the while literally burning up with the fever. For days he lingered between life and death.

All the while Mother had been going from home to home, doing what she could for this family, taking food to another - and rushing

back to be at the boarding house when the Doctor would call to see Father, so she could obtain firsthand information as to his condition. Finally the situation became so desperate that the doctor asked her if she would not sit in Father's room and watch him during the periods he was quiet, to give the exhausted twenty-four hour nurse a chance to catch some sleep, between the periods when Father was raving and had to literally be held in bed. Real illness to my mind, is the acid test of true love, and I've often wondered if the old saying "when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window" might not be amended to read "When illness comes in the door romance flies out the window", because surely illness is not conducive to romance. But possibly as Mother sat those long hours and watched, she may have come to realize that truly this was the man she loved "for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, --- 'til death do us part" - and possibly she was able, as Father lay glassy-eyed and unconscious, to make out of his incoherent mumblings some reference to an ever-lasting, all consuming love, which, like his fever, had enveloped him. The crisis passed, Father lived and until he was allowed, thin and pale to go down to meals and to sit on the long veranda or on the lawn in the sun, he did not even know that Mother, like an angel of mercy, had watched over him during the darkest hours. The epidemic was abated, the community returned to normalcy and Father returned to my grandparent's home, but he was soon walking the short distance to Uncle Bills, where he and Mother would again sit on the veranda for hours - or he would hitch his horse and buggy, call for her and they would go for long drives to Hot Springs, Old Sweet Springs, to one of the other numerous nearby mountain resorts so popular in those days - or just drive high up on North Mountain, over the cool, shady, forest-bordered highway. Time always passes too quickly for two people in love, and shortly the time came when

Mother was to return to Richmond, but before she went Father had her promise that she would marry him "soon".

Father again made trips to Richmond to see her and letters and telegrams were the order of the day, but coincident with their courtship, there had been developing a dark cloud of disapproval on the parts of both families. Mother, as I have stated, was pretty and attractive and had a personality with which "only the Gods can endow", and among her numerous admirers were several young Richmond men, who her brothers much preferred to my Father - a serious, young country boy, several years her junior, who three of her brothers hardly knew and who on the face of things did not compare too favorably with some of the city swains they had practically grown up with. On the other side, my grandparents, particularly Grandpa, could picture for Father only disaster and heartbreak in a marriage to this fragile city girl (Mother then weighed 98 lbs. and wore a size 2 shoe), who could neither cook nor sew, who had danced, played "set back" and "whist" and upon whom attention and affection had been showered unsparingly. The usual reluctance on the part of most parents, to sanction any marriage of any son, was on my grandparent's parts, naturally enhanced by the fact that Father was not yet even eighteen.

With Grandpa the idea became an obsession. As a parent myself, and having a sense of appreciation for how parents must feel when an adored child is about to marry against their wishes, I am somewhat reluctant to record this case of my parents, the only one of which I have knowledge, where children completely disregarding family and parental advice, prophecy, objections and threats, decided to let their "hearts rule their heads", to marry - and hand in hand to face whatever odds and hardships might present themselves, proved, as I necessarily will show in succeeding pages, that in their one case, their youthful appraisals of each other were correct, their gamble on happiness was justified and their

action vindicated by happiness for forty-seven years, and an enduring love and companionship which was beautiful to behold. But this is my true story of the Musgroves of Longdale, so I shall proceed, notwithstanding such reluctance.

With the assistance of Grandma's sister, "Aunt Connie" (who was one of the few, if not the only person in whom they could confide their plans) Mother and Father eloped to Washington and were married on October 30th, 1896, by the Rev. Alexander M. Rich.

Fremont Frank Musgrove (Father) and Mary Stansbury Musgrove (Mother)

Chapter VIII
MOTHER AND FATHER
Their first years of married life

When Mother and Father returned to Longdale after their marriage and brief honeymoon, they faced a difficult situation. Grandpa, as they had expected, had been rampant upon learning of their elopement. He rode over the mountain on Father's horse and returned several days later via. other means of transportation, never to disclose - or even to be asked - what had become of "Nellie". Altho he lived many years after he and my parents were again on the best of terms, the subject was never discussed. His attempt to punish Mother and Father for defying him, by demanding that Father's salary be turned over to him (as parent of a minor) was defeated when Father calmly told the Company officials that he would resign and leave Longdale before he would submit to such treatment. So the height of his wrath having spent itself - and Grandma probably having done what she could to calm the "troubled waters", Grandpa finally settled down frustrated but more or less content to simply deny his home or any recognition of his eldest son and newly acquired daughter-in-law, and to carry his indignation, tho' gradually decreasing in intensity, for almost two years.

On the other hand, Uncle Bill, who had long been more or less of a father to Mother, who to this day has very definite opinions of his own but at the same time, graciously allows others the right to theirs, took the position, so typical of him, that once Mother and Father had married, the whole affair came under the heading of their business - not his - and he unfalteringly took them in, when they arrived at the boarding house - the only place in Longdale they could possibly go - and applied for accommodations.

When the news of Mother's marriage reached her other three brothers in Richmond, two of them became reconciled almost immediately, but the third, "Uncle John", could not resist expressing his disappointment and displeasure and in a letter, which he wrote posthaste, he sug-

gested that probably Father would be unable to keep Mother in silk stockings, much less to support her in the manner to which she was accustomed. Father answered the letter, very capably I've been told, and the correspondence resulted in an estrangement which continued for many years and which time and the other natural cures, never obliterated entirely. Altho Mother thru her entire life always made at least one trip a year to Richmond, usually visiting her other brothers for three or four weeks at a time, and altho, when I was a small boy, she always took me along, I never saw Uncle John but once. It must have just "happened" that way tho', because Mother never spoke unkindly of him, she was the last person to harbor a grudge or resentment and I doubt if Uncle John, being a Stansbury, did either. Mother saw him several times in rather recent years and in talking with him after my Uncle Sam's funeral, Mother remarked that they were all getting old and must die soon. Uncle John replied that he was tough and expected to live forever, but ironically enough, Mother's next trip to Richmond was to attend his funeral - after he had met an untimely death in an automobile accident.

Mother and Father had been married only a short while when they bought their first furniture and moved into the smaller side of the two-family house which was on the corner of the "Main St." and the side road leading to Piney Mountain. Surely their happiness was less than supreme only because of the strained or practically non-existent relations with my grandparents. To what happily married young couple is there any thrill like establishing their first home? The four walls seem to whisper "You belong to each other" and their home signifies their newly acquired status of "Mr. and Mrs." far more than any marriage vows, spoken so quickly, ever could! So it was, I'm sure, with Mother and Father and the "Golden Oak" bedroom and dining room suites, the red velvet couch, side chairs, mahogany tables, Victorian

lamps and carpeting for the parlor, the hall rack with brass trimmings, etc. which they bought must have seemed wonderful and beautiful to them then - and any couple married fifteen years or longer can appreciate their reluctance as years went on, to replace them gradually with finer, more stylish furnishings, to which no sentiment or memories were attached. Several pieces of "Golden Oak" are still at home and who can say that some day some great grandchild may not claim them and cherish them even as my wife and my brother's wife now cherish the furnishings they have which were once my maternal grandmother's!

The stories Mother used to tell about her first attempts at cooking ran the gauntlet from humerous to pathetic, but she must have been quick to catch on to the recipes, and instructions, which her neighbors and friends so freely gave, because as far back as I can remember, the dining table was laden and the refrigerator at home was always crowded with the most appetizing and delectable of foods - and neither Mother nor Father, during their forty-seven years of married life, suffered any stomach or digestive disorder.

Mother had hardly learned the first principles of cooking when she found that she would also have to learn to sew - because baby clothes would have to be made. Again her neighbors and friends were "Good Samaritans" and not only told her what to buy but during the long quiet afternoons of the ensuing months, showed her how to cut out and sew - and even made a lot of the things for her. Her happiness and Father's was complete and of course, they did not know that illness and death hovered near. But it was destined that they should never hear a first lusty wail from their first born child. Mother slipped and fell when approximately eight months pregnant, and in a few days the child had to be taken - already dead. A marble slab at Sharon, bearing the name and stillbirth date of Fremont Frank Musgrove, Jr. is mute evidence

of the first real sorrow and disappointment my parents encountered. Mother was terrifically ill and it was probably because of such illness and the fact that within only a few months she and Father were again looking forward to a "Blessed Event" that when their second son Clarence Earl Musgrove was born, he lived only a day or so - and another marble slab was erected at Sharon. The sorrow and disappointment to Mother and Father in the loss of their second child however, was not wholly without an accompanying element of recompense. As Mother lay propped up in her bed and the brief prayers were about to be said before the child's body was to be taken to Sharon, someone came in, leaned over her and whispered that my grandfather was standing at the front gate - almost among the friends assembled in the yard to pay their respects. Without hesitation Mother sent him her first but magic message - that she wanted to see him, and would he please come in. And purged of all ill feeling, my grandfather unfalteringly walked up the graveled path, thru the hall and with extended hand and tears of remorse in his eyes, up to my Mother's bedside.

Blanche Musgrove – Robert Emmett Harrill

Chapter IX
Aunt Blanche

Among my grandparents' friends at Longdale was a family by the name of Harvill. Mr. and Mrs. Harvill had come to Longdale from Petersburg, Virginia - to which city they returned in 1911 or soon thereafter. In the meantime they had had children, raised most of them and had been grandparents several times over. Each of their six children was about the same age as some one of Father's younger sisters and brothers. Since I am only six months younger than Father's yougest sister, even I grew up, in effect, with the youngest Harvill children - and their oldest brother was my uncle by marriage because grandma's third child - my aunt Blanche - married Robert Harvill when they were both quite young. I know very little about aunt Blanche's childhood and only recall having heard that she and Uncle Bob "ran off" - probably because they were so young - and were married in Washington, D. C., returning to Longdale the same day. They went to their respective homes and said nothing about being married. However, that night at dinner, so the story goes, Mr. Harvill - a kindly little man with captivating smile - having gotten wind of the marriage, looked up at uncle Bob and inquired "Robert, I understand you have a wife, why didn't you bring her home with you?" Probably right after dinner "Robert" ran the short distance to grandma's house and did take his bride to his parent's home, but I wasn't there - and I've never heard it stated - and my first recollections of aunt Blanche only go back to when she and uncle Bob and their two older boys, Warren and Earl, lived three houses above us on the "Main St." at Longdale. I recall that their house was always neat and orderly - very much like ours - that the boys had sandpiles, many toys, tricycles and bicycles, just as I had and that I used to like to go to play in their yard - and sit on their fence. "The Lane" divided their yards from those of the Holmans (mentioned both heretofore and hereafter) and the local people riding horseback, muleback and in horsedrawn vehicles, passing to and fro up the lane, were of more frequent

interest at least, than the only occasional traffic along the main highway.

Aunt Blanche reminds me more of grandma, both in looks and disposition, than any of Father's other sisters and when I live my early life in retrospect, she appears almost as frequently and not much less dear to my childhood than grandma - in spite of the fact that I still associate her with two minor but rather unpleasant incidents - the first of which she probably has never even heard of. One day Warren, Earl, some other children and I were sitting on their fence when some one of the crowd noticed my Father approaching - on his way home from the office. We were all at the "smart aleck" age and someone called to me "There comes your old man" - then another smartie dared me to call him "old man" and the smartest aleck of all - yours truly - without stopping to consider the disrespect implied, accepted the dare and just as his greatest hero passed, called out "Hi old man". When I went home shortly thereafter Mother - not Father - gave me a well deserved switching and my first lecture on the fifth commandment.

The other incident involved my first real apology to anyone other than my parents and the apology was to aunt Blanche. Again I had been playing in her yard with her boys when we had disagreed. Aunt Blanche happened to come out of the house just as I struck one of her boys - and quite properly, all the more so because they were both somewhat younger than I, - she remonstrated with me, only to have me out with some sassy remark, and run home. I do not recall how Mother heard about the incident, but the next day I had to go up to aunt Blanche's ring her doorbell and recite to her the apology Mother had drummed into my head in spite of my protests and pleadings for a switching instead. Aunt Blanche was so impressed with my apology and reacted so sweetly that I not only loved her all the more there-

after, but actually got to be proud of the entire happening.

Aunt Blanche and uncle Bob moved from Longdale to Covington, Va. in May, 1911 and less than a year later they moved to Glen Wilton, Va. where he was connected with the Princess Iron Company and where they lived for ten years. In 1922 they moved back to Covington but left there in 1923 for Everett, Pennsylvania, where they resided until 1934. Since then they have lived in Washington, D. C. and uncle Bob is now with the American Instrument Co. of Silver Springs, Md.

With the exception of seeing aunt Blanche and Warren briefly at grandma's funeral in 1935 I have seen none of this branch of my family for over a quarter of a century. I learned recently that aunt Blanche has been quite ill and I determined then, that the next time I am in Washington I shall certainly look them up if I can possibly do so.

Aunt Blanche and uncle Bob have five sons - three of them, Robert Warren Harvill (now a grandfather); Earl Musgrove Harvill and Emmett Laurence Harvill, were born at Longdale - the other two, James Edward Harvill and Willis Frank Harvill, were born at Glen Wilton, Va.

Recently uncle Bob sent me the following genealogical information, which I am quite pleased to include herein.

"Robert Warren Harvill married Kathryne Thrasher Miller of Staunton, Va. To this union was born Ella Louise, Kathryne Marian and Robert Warren Harvill, Jr. Warren Sr. is employed by the DuPont Co. at Waynesboro, Va. They have their home in Staunton, Va. Ella Louise Harvill married Rev. Edward Adolphus Plunkett, and to this union has been born Edward Adolphus Plunkett, Jr. They live in Mt. Solon, Va. at this time.

Earl Musgrove Harvill married Grace Rebecca Hixson of Everett, Pa. To this union was born Robert Earl Harvill, who died at the age of five years. There are no other children of this union. They lived at Everett, Pa. until the early part of 1933, when Earl accepted a position with the U. S. Navy Yard at Washington, D. C. They lived in Washington for several

years, then bought a home in Chevy Chase, Md. where they now live.

Emmett Laurence Harvill married Emma Rebecca Wigerman of Everett, Pa. To this union there are no children. They lived in Everett, Pa. until July, 1934, when Laurence accepted a position with the U. S. Arsenal at Frankfort, Pa. where he remained until the latter part of 1939, when he was sent to Panama, where they lived until October, 1941. At that time they returned to this country and were located at Boston, Mass. until June, 1942, when Laurence enlisted in the U. S. Army. At the present time Laurence is a Major in the Ordnance Dept. and is located somewhere in China.

James Edward Harvill married Mary Louise Ensley of Everett, Pa. To this union was born James William Harvill and Charlotte Elain Harvill. James was living with us in Washington at the time of his marriage, and bringing his wife home, they remained with us about three years, then moved to College Park, Md. where they lived until March 1944. At that time they bought a home in Mt. Rania, Md. where they now live. While in Washington James was connected with the Sanitary Grocery Co. The last four years he has been with the Washington Institute of Technology, College Park, Md.

Willis Frank Harvill is not married as yet. He was employed by the Washington Institute of Technology, College Park, Md. and living at home until entering the army August 1942. He is a Sergeant Radio Operator in the Army Air Corps, at present located somewhere in the South Pacific."

LEOLA AND LILLIE MUSGROVE
as little girls at Longdale

LEOLA MUSGROVE ROBINSON
(SEVERAL YEARS BEFORE HER DEATH IN 1938)

Chapter X
Aunt Leola

There were very few changes generally in the "white collar" population of Longdale, but my recollection is that the doctors and chemists were exceptions, there having been some eight chemists and half as many doctors whose names at least, even I can recall. Usually the chemists and sometimes the doctors, were very young single men just out of college, and as each new one arrived, he was showered with friendliness and attention. A new doctor was literally run to death because the majority of women folk, both young and old, either wanted to see if he knew something new which might cure their real or imaginary ills or just wanted to "make his acquaintance". He practically had to answer every call sooner or later because the arrangement made by the company was that $2.00 was deducted each month from the salary of every married man and $1.00 from the salary of every single man - for the doctor's services - and he received the total of the deductions! Most of the doctors soon learned which urgent call to answer quickly and also at which homes to leave the sugar-coated flour pills which they had made up in various shapes, sizes and colors.

Though the meagre social life at Longdale practically revolved around the doctor and chemist and even though any local belle was usually flattered by the attentions of either (they were generally quite personable young men) I have an idea that few of those young college men were very happy - at least at first - to live in that quiet, unexciting village and I believe that explains why generally they stayed such short periods of time. Seldom did they marry Longdale girls. Dr. Robert Givens who came to Longdale as a widower married Miss Alice Wood who taught the public school but she was not a Longdale girl and so far as I know the only chemists who ever married local girls were Mr. O. M. Stull, who married Miss Eva Long and Mr. Samuel R. Robinson, who married my aunt Leola - grandma's third daughter.

Aunt Leola must have been a popular young girl because she had that certain something which attracts friends and holds them - and had possibly

more of what is now called glamour than any of grandma's other daughters. She was not pretty, but she had personality, a nice figure and a flair for clothes - a combination that attracts most any man and that any girl may well be proud to possess. She must have been around twenty-one or twenty-two when she was married because I note that she was born in 1882 and while I have a very faint recollection of her as a single young lady, I distinctly remember Mr. Robinson before he was my uncle.

Mr. Robinson, who is a descendant of a fine old Virginia family, came originally from Lexington, Va. Before coming to Longdale he had graduated from Virginia Polytechnic Institute, done postgraduate work at the University of Virginia and wanted to get some practical experience in chemistry. He must have arrived a year or so after the turn of the century and even before his marriage to aunt Leola he became a close friend of my parents. For at least one period of several months duration he lived with us (probably while the boarding house was temporarily closed or was being mismanaged) and I can remember that he occupied our guest room over the parlor. He was quite a "camera enthusiast" and there were many pictures taken both indoors and outdoors at home, of my parents, of me and of various other people; which pictures he made, developed and printed. One he made of me when I was a lad of around four or five, has appeared in an old daguerreotype frame on our desk at frequent intervals ever since my wife ran across it at home some ten or fifteen years ago.

I do not recall aunt Leola and uncle Sam ever having lived at Longdale after they were married and I am inclined to say that they were married just as he was leaving Longdale to accept a position in Boston or Providence. They lived a few years in each of those cities, then in Coraopolis, Pa. (a suburb of Pittsburgh) and in later years in Bay City, Michigan and Cleveland, Ohio. With each move uncle Sam advanced in his profession and while metallurgist for some large metals company received

real recognition for his research work and his articles which appeared in leading trade magazines, etc. Aunt Leola I'm confident, kept pace with him and as his charming wife and mother of their attractive children, ably managed their home and upheld the social side of their lives.

I recall that almost every summer, especially after their two older children, Frank and Lillian were born, aunt Leola would come to Longdale for a long visit at grandma's. Sometimes Mr. Robinson would come too and on several occasions they spent some time at our house. I was always bowled over by the number of trunks and other pieces of baggage they brought and awed by the "big city" clothes which they wore.

The last time I saw Frank and Lillian was prior to 1911, when they were very small children, and I have never seen Samuel, Jr. who is much younger than they.

The last time I saw aunt Leola was at grandma's funeral in 1935 - and for a day or so thereafter, when she, my wife, my daughter and I were all visiting at home. At that time she showed us pictures of Frank (and remarked that he and I resembled each other). By then he was grown, had finished college, was married and doing well in business. They were all living in Cleveland. A year or so later Lillian was married, and she and her husband, Royal Benson, once visited at home and Mother wrote that they were both delightful guests - and that she and Father thoroughly enjoyed having them.

Aunt Leola died October 4th, 1938 of cancer of the breast - after several operations and long periods of terrific suffering. Neither Mother nor Father were able to go to Cleveland at the time, but my brother Bob took Alma and Talmage's wife, Pearl, in Father's car and they drove day and night in order to reach there before the funeral and interment.

Within a year after aunt Leola's death, Frank died suddenly and unexpectedly following an operation and acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis.

Chapter X

I have recently corresponded with "Uncle Sam" and he wrote me that he lives with Samuel Jr. in Akron, Ohio and that Samuel Jr. is married and has two children - two lovely girls.

Chapter XI

(OMITTED BY REQUEST)

"All to myself I find the way
Back to each golden yesterday,
All to myself I hum again
Fragments of some old refrain
All to myself I hold and know
All of the days of long ago.
All to myself! My friend, do you
Count all the memories softly, too?"

Lillie Musgrove and Samuel R. Robinson
(husband of Neola Musgrove)

Lillie Musgrove Ostrander and 1st son

Chapter XII
Aunt Lillie

Aunt Lillie was born neither too soon nor too late - at least when it comes to the advantages which were to be had by my grandparents' daughters. Possibly grandpa was making more money during the years aunt Lillie was in her teens, or maybe it was about that time that grandma's father died and she received her share of his estate - and then too, one older brother was still single and living at home and was quite generous, at least so far as extra clothes, trips, etc. for aunt Lillie were concerned. But regardless of how it came about, it has always been my impression that she had more good times, more pretty clothes, more trips and more beaux than any one of the other girls. Possibly she had something to do with it herself because she was not the kind of girl to just sit back and wait for something to happen. She was a "getter upper" of parties, picnics, tennis games, etc. and also she had the pep, energy and ability to look ahead, make plans and carry them thru. She made friends easily but selectively and early in her teens was visiting girls in Clifton Forge - the nearest "city" - and having them visit her. She was very observant and having acquired a real ability for designing and sewing, would buy material in Clifton Forge and go home and copy some expensive, pretty dress she had seen in one of the more exclusive shops or even in a fasion magazine.

Aunt Lillie was quite blonde and very pretty and in addition she was vivacious. There was a real ring of merriment in her laugh and a slight huskiness in her voice, tho' she was very feminine and tenderhearted. Even to this day her eyes twinkle when she is amused, but will quickly brim with tears when she is sad. Remembering her first when she was no more than eighteen, I have always understood why it was that even tho' she was popular with girls too, she was the "heartbeat" of many of the boys wherever she went.

Aunt Lillie was ten or eleven when I was born, and I understand

that upon occasion she would come down to our house and "mind" me for Mother when the colored maid was off or Mother wanted to be away from the house for an hour or so. Once when I was just beginning to walk, it seems that I was in aunt Lillie's care, and she decided that we would take a walk up to the Commissary - possibly to buy a candy sucker or something that she wanted. In any event, when we were at the Commissary or leaving it - so the story goes - aunt Lillie ran into some other young people about her age and was enjoying visiting with them, - temporarily forgetting the "nurse maid" duties she had assumed. Now it happened that a very wide bridge spanned "the creek" just in front of the Commissary and from the other end it was just a few steps around the corner to "The office" where my Father had taken me many times - also the blowing engine house, R. R. tracks, etc. were near-by and in attempting to pay my Father an unexpected visit I must have become confused, because when Father saw me I had been picked up by a locomotive engineer, who was starting on a trip to the cinder dumps with two tipple cars of molten slag and had, fortunately for me, noticed me sauntering nonchalantly up the R. R. track towards the approaching locomotive he was driving. He had stopped his train, grabbed me up from in front of it and carried me in his arms to Father at the office. Mother often said that Father was more upset - actually more provoked with her on that occasion than at any other time she could remember.

When aunt Leola and uncle Sam were living in Boston aunt Lillie went to visit them and she had such a good time that she stayed for quite a-while - even going along with them when they moved to Coraopolis, Pa. and staying there until after aunt Leola's second child, Lillian, was born. It was while visiting in Coraopolis that she met Mr. Loyd C. Ostrander, whom she later married - after others had concurrently wooed her and been turned down. Finally she returned to Longdale but she was never again happy there. She picked up her social life where she had left off and she resumed her

tennis - the sport at which she excelled, with real vigor - too much so because she played morning, afternoon and evening, until it was too dark to see the balls (I know, because when I was around seven or eight I used to hand around the tennis courts and run the balls for the players - for the reward of being allowed to "bat" a few after it was too dark for a real game.

Her tennis wasn't enough, however, to make aunt Lillie content to again live at Longdale, and at grandma's, exhausted after a day of hard play she would cry hysterically and declare that she couldn't stand life at Longdale - that even the mountains she had looked up to almost since birth, seemed to be closing in on her. So, after she had been put to bed for awhile, with what the doctor said was a slight case of "nervous breakdown", and had recovered sufficiently, she was packed off to again visit aunt Leola.

While she was home she had two beautiful wide bracelets and a pretty gold locket - gifts from Mr. Ostrander and two other ardent suitors, but before she had returned to Coraopolis she had confided to grandma and other members of the family, that she had already promised Mr. Ostrander that she would become his bride. By that time aunt Lillie had two married brothers and two married sisters living at Longdale, besides grandpa and grandma (and their three younger children) - and sewing and planning was the order of the day at each of the five homes for months, to the end that aunt Lillie's trousseau and wedding should be all that even she could wish for. She and Mr. Ostrander were married the following fall.

Mr. Ostrander is an only child and after he and aunt Lillie were married they lived for a few months with his mother in her home. Some years later, for eight years before she died, "Grandma" Ostrander lived with aunt Lillie and uncle Loyd in Rochester, Pa. where they still live, and aunt Lillie's care of and love for her mother-in-law as she became aged and up

to her death, tho typical of aunt Lillie's nature and ideas of what is not only right but normal and natural, was the cause for added admiration from many of her friends and relatives - and I feel sure, must have increased the idolization which uncle Loyd has always shown her.

Their older son, Loyd, is a musician and is head of the music department of Bellevue High School in Bellevue, Pa. He is married and has two sons, Loyd Herbert, Jr. (3 yrs. old) and John David (7 mos. old) who are the apples of all their eyes.

Aunt Lillie and uncle Loyd have a younger son, Robert, who is in the U. S. Navy, at present stationed at Norfolk, Va.

I have not seen uncle Loyd or Robert since grandma's funeral, and I haven't seen Loyd Jr. since he was a small boy, but aunt Lillie was visiting at home several summers ago, at the same time I was and it was a real pleasure to see her then and to note that after all these years she is the same lovable person - so full of life and apparently, at least, so happy.

Alma Musgrove

Homer Holt Lackey

Chapter XIII
Alma

Alma was the oldest of grandma's children who I have always called just by a first name. Being the third youngest of ten children she had several nephews and nieces who were practically her age and she is only about seven years older than I am. Alma's childhood so far as I know, was very much the same as grandma's other girls, with the possible exception that by the time she was in her early teens there were more young people at Longdale of about her age and with whom she was congenial. Friends of grandma's and grandpa's who had lived at Longdale for years, had children about her age, the Raysors had come to town and had two single sons (one of whom was about Alma's age and was quite attentive to her at times) and of course, there was her nephew, Andrew Harrison and also Ella, Emma and Garland Harvill (whose older brother had married aunt Blanche), who helped to make up a young social crowd, supplemented of course, by the new doctors and chemists who arrived at intervals. Also many of the residents, including my parents, had young visitors, particularly in the summertime, so all told, there was usually quite an aggregation of young people and the social life at Longdale it seemed, was picking up. Tennis, hikes, picnics and hayrides were the "order of the day" in summer and skating, coasting and home parties in the winter. The ponds were often sufficiently frozen for good skating and in those days there was more snow in Virginia than now - at least in the mountainous section, where Longdale is located.

As I have mentioned heretofore, it is my impression that Alma is the one of grandpa's daughters who was closest to him. All along she had done little, if anything that displeased him, had paid much attention to and considered him always - and as he began to get somewhat along in years he leaned upon her, even sometimes it seemed, in

preference to grandma, for advice and counsel, and for help in personal things, such as selecting a new suit, which tie to wear, to sew on a button or to find something he wanted. There just seemed to be a meeting of minds and a mutual understanding and comradeship which had never existed, at least to such an extent, between grandpa and any of his other daughters.

After my grandparents, with Alma, Talmage and Katherine, had moved to Iron Gate, Va. (in 1912) - where we had already been living for about a year - and after Alma had met and become engaged to Mr. Homer Lackey, grandpa seemed more interested in her approaching wedding than he had ever been in any other child's - and for the first time in his life just turned over a sum of money for a trousseau, etc. direct to a daughter, instead of having it more or less wheedled out of him by grandma.

Mr. Lackey, the son of a widely known physician of Iron Gate (formerly of Rockbridge County, Va.) was associated with his older brother and my Father in the operation of the furnace at Iron Gate for the Alleghany Ore and Iron Co. - a subsidiary of Lukens Steel Co. of Coatesville, Pa. Altho he had long been considered the matrimonial catch of the town, he had managed to elude any attempts on the part of local and visiting beauties to interest him seriously and was beginning to be considered a "confirmed bachelor". Very likely he had his own ideas as to the kind of girl he wanted to marry and also very likely he wanted to be the pursuer and not the pursued, but in any event, he began to pay Alma very frequent and regular "court" shortly after they met - and some months later they were married (4-28-15). Alma and Mr. Lackey with their three attractive children, Martha, Anna and Homer (Buddy) now live in Lynchburg, Va. and Mr. Lackey is connected with the furnace company at nearby Rusens.

It would be neglectful, if not unappreciative, to close this chapter without some sort of tribute to Alma's unselfishness - her extreme loyalty to

all members of the family, her hospitality and her love of and capacity for doing kind and thoughtful things for others. Like grandma she is instinctively a wonderful mother and in addition she is always there when a member of her family or a friend needs her. To mention only a few incidents, it was Alma who several years ago drove the forty-five miles to Buena Vista every few days to visit my Father after he had fallen down our basement steps and broken his leg, was home from the hospital and confined to his bed for weeks. She invariably brought him something interesting to read, flowers or something delectable to eat, that she had prepared herself. It was she who, after grandma was in her dotage and imagined she was unhappy living with Kate where she had been for years, got grandma and took her to her home where she humored her and waited on her hand and foot in an effort to make her satisfied in strange surroundings. It was Alma who was ready to leave quickly and drive day and night with my brother to Cleveland, Ohio, when aunt Leola died after a lingering illness. It is she who keeps up correspondence with all the family connections, even unto the second and third generations, remembers birthdays and anniversaries, sends gifts to those in the service and can tell you where this second cousin now lives and who that one married - how many children they have and what they are doing, etc. It is to her house that all the family go, whether to recuperate from an illness, just to enjoy visiting or to drop in, any hour of the day or night, for a "how do you do" and something to eat, between trains!

It is Alma who came almost immediately to be with Father when Mother died suddenly last year and who has been to see him many times since - to say nothing of telephoning him long distance to issue special invitations to spend the day or have a meal with her or just to try to be of some comfort to him. It is she who made the long tiresome trip to Washington recently - sitting on her suitcase in the aisle of a crowded

day coach when a reservation couldn't be obtained - to see aunt Blanche, who was ill and blue.

I do not know what verse in the Bible is Alma's, or how appropriate it happens to be, but I do know that I for one associate her with Shakespeare's immortal lines --

"The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven"

TALMAGE THOMAS MUSGROVE

Chapter XIV
Talmage

All three of my grandparents' sons were named after famous men - Father after the explorer Fremont; the second son after Dr. E. E. McCorkle and Talmage after a well-known evangelist of that time - a forerunner of Billy Sunday. It was probably grandpa's idea, and I'll wager that it was also grandpa who selected Thomas for Talmage's middle name - not so much because it is a family name on grandma's side, but more because it is so often found in the Bible - thereby effecting the unique circumstance of all sons having double initials - F. F., E. E. and T. T. The double initial idea was carried on by Father in naming his first born Fremont Frank, Jr., by Talmage in naming his son, Talmage Thomas, Jr. and by my brother Robert, when lacking a middle name, he took Ridgeway, a family name several generations back on our Mother's side of our family. All of grandpa's sons, grandsons and great grandsons, except three, have been given double names and each in turn, in his youth, has been called "Mus" by some of his friends - but it was Talmage who was first practically known by that abbreviation of our surname , - a natural result of having an unusually large host of friends and"buddies" during his boyhood and early manhood.

Basically, Talmage's childhood was very similar to those of his two older brothers, but while they were both studious, serious-minded and somewhat retiring youths, Talmage as a boy and young man, was of a happy-go-lucky, "hail-fellow-well-met" disposition - which accounts for his rather phenomenal popularity. He was a youth of fifteen or sixteen taking high school subjects at the local one-teacher school and being tutored at night by Mr. Townsend when the last casts were made at Longdale and that summer when school closed and most of the residents had left or were preparing to leave, he was left "high and dry" for something to do or even to occupy his mind. In the mean-

time Father had accepted a position with the Alleghany Ore & Iron Co. at Iron Gate, Va. and upon being unable to fine any suitable private residence there that he could rent or buy had, in desperation bought a corner brick building which consisted of a store, back of which was a living room, dining room and kitchen and over which were three bedrooms -- and each piece of our furniture having been separately crated and shipped in a railroad box-car - as was necessary in those days - Father, Mother, Bob (who was then only about seven months old) and I, moved in. The place wasn't as bad as it sounds, because even tho' it was located in the business section of the town, there was a large fenced-in side yard, full of flowers and shrubs, a wide porch off the living and dining rooms, a large garden in the back and a refined, highly respected family lived in a similar "proposition" next door. When buying the building, Father also had to buy a small stock of canned goods, candies, bottled drinks, etc. and his next problem was what to do with it. Finding no satisfactory purchaser, it was only natural that he should arrange for Talmage to come to spend the summer with us, to open the store and to try his hand in the mercantile business - but only with the thought that he would return to school that fall. By fall there were many complicating circumstances - Talmage by quickly building up a good little business, and selling virtually all of the stock of goods, had proved himself to be a natural-born merchant and practically refusing to close shop, insisted that Father replenish the stock of goods and let him gradually buy an interest in the "business". Grandpa by then had left grandma, Alma and Katherine at Longdale and was doing building contracting in various places within a radius of fifty miles or so - getting home only on weekends, and Father having bought a nice house and six adjoining lots in the residential section of Iron Gate, we were preparing to move as soon as our new house had been painted and redecorated. So after much discussion it was arranged for my grandparents to move into the combination store and residence when

we moved into the house (several years later when we moved to Buena Vista they moved into the house) and for Talmage to really go into the mercantile business, Father buying a fresh stock of goods and installing a modern, marble soda fountain with mirror and grape encrusted electric light bulbs, etc. - the only soda fountain in Iron Gate!

Talmage worked hard, seemed not to mind the long hours and his natural friendliness and pleasing personality were real assets.

The soda fountain and metal "ice cream parlor" tables and chairs - and Talmage's popularity, caused the store to become a hanging out place for old and young alike - a veritable corner drug store - without the drugs.

The business, operated on a strictly cash basis, thrived and in due course, the partnership F.F. and T.T. Musgrove was formed. Father attended to the banking and paying of bills at nights and they were both quite pleased with the returns on their investments. Talmage had put $90 into the business, and which represented his savings up to that time. Occasionally I would stay in the store for an hour or so after school, but Talmage soon found that the profit on what I sold was hardly equal to the value of the candy and ice cream I ate and the soda water I drank, so he didn't encourage me to work often - just when he had to go to Clifton Forge on business or was especially anxious to see a ball game - which I, of course, always wanted to see also. I did help in the store for two weeks one summer when Talmage and some other fellows his age went on a camping trip near Mountain Lake and near the town where Miss Pearl Durham, who he later married, lived.

Several years after we left Iron Gate, after a new and finer building had been built, after Talmage had been married, and after the business had grown and been diversified, it became almost necessary to carry charge accounts - and that change over from a cash basis, as is so often the case with thriving businesses, marked the beginning of the end of the

partnership known as F.F. and T.T. Musgrove. Some months thence there came the inevitable day when uncollectible accounts were of such a total that unpaid bills exceeded cash on hand - and Talmage made a trip to Buena Vista, where we were living, to give Father the sad facts - and in due course Father, being the partner with financial worth besides his interest in the business, paid the bills, and subsequently liquidated the salvage - with a net loss of thousands of dollars. Thus Talmage learned his first lesson in business and Father had his first and only lesson in "business on the side". Possibly it was a good thing for each - at least Father has never since lost any money (except in the stock market crash of 1929).

Talmage soon became associated with the N & W R.R. - in their Purchasing Department - first in Roanoke, in Pulaski and then in Petersburg, where he has been now for many years. He and Pearl have one son, T.T. Jr. - who is married and in turn has one son, T.T. 3rd. I saw Talmage and Pearl for the first time in some twenty years, at grandma's funeral. Realizing that I have written practically that same statement about several other of my Musgrove relatives, I feel forced, in explanation, to make the observation, at this point, that funerals oftentimes constitute family reunions as well.

The next and last time I have seen Talmage was when I was experiencing the shock and first throes of the deepest sorrow I have as yet had to bear. He came, with Alma's family, to Mother's funeral.

"On a Sunday afternoon"
about 1903 or 1904.
A group of Musgroves and friends.
(back row, l. to r.) Leola Musgrove, Ella Harvill, Alma Musgrove, a visitor from Richmond, Fremont Frank Musgrove. (2nd row, l to r) a Musgrove, Emma Harvill, Katherine Musgrove, Helen Long, Lewis Musgrove, Mary Stansbury Musgrove (front row, l. to r.) Willie Musgrove, a visitor from Richmond (_____ - Patterson), _____?
and Samuel R. Robinson.

Chapter XV
Katherine

My grandparent's youngest child, Katherine - usually called "Kate" - is only six months my senior and we, in effect, grew up together - at least for the first eleven years of our lives. As a result I knew her better when we were children, than any other of my numerous aunts and uncles. Some of my farthest back memories include playing dolls with Kate, later we made playhouses and mud pies. I can see her now in pale pink or blue gingham with one of the sunbonnets grandma always made her girls wear (to keep them from getting a sun tan) pushed back on her head or laying close at hand in case grandma should look out and call "Kate, put your bonnet back on".

When we were a little older and I would be at Grandma's we would sometimes dress in her older sister's and brother's clothes - or, with other children, put on a play or just pretend we were "grown-ups" and have church or a party - playing the organ in grandma's parlor, like fury. When I think about it now it amazes me what wonderful nerves grandma must have had and how patient and kindly she was to let not only her children but her grandchildren as well, virtually take over her house and yards for whatever game or make believe performance came into their minds. She not only allowed it but oftentimes even joined in or went to a great deal of trouble to hunt up some especially appropriate costume or to make candy or cookies, to serve with milk as refreshments. She spoiled her grandchildren even more, if possible, than her children - and as a result they were always hanging around her house. Mother always told, when talking about grandma's spoiling, how she gave Andrew Harrison (her oldest grandchild) a pipe and tobacco one Xmas, when he was just beginning to smoke and his parents were doing everything they could to discourage the habit. I was unusually fortunate - I not only got to go to grandma's twice a day but got paid for doing it. For years grandpa kept a cow for Father and

did the milking because no one at our house could milk (or wanted to learn) and grandpa having been raised on a farm, actually enjoyed looking after the cow, which was kept in a small pasture some distance from their house. It was my job to go to grandma's after the morning and evening milkings to get our share of the milk, and Father paid me regularly 1¢ per trip. I never saw a morning milking (grandpa always got up about 5:30 and milked before breakfast) but many times I watched the evening performance - also many times when I stayed at grandma's too long and it was getting dark, I would persuade Kate to walk part the way home with me - at least as far as the Johnson's gate - which was about halfway between our homes. I probably never told her but I knew that many years before a man had been buried just inside the Johnson's yard and altho I also knew that his body had later been removed, I never was too keen about passing along there after dark.

Kate had a wonderful disposition. Altho she was grandma's "baby" and was probably more spoiled than any of the older children, it never seemed to affect her disposition or to make her demanding or unfair. When a group would be playing jack rocks or hop scotch or jumping the creek (with the help of long poles) she never demanded any advantage because she was a girl - or for any other reason, and in a game of baseball, she never quit or ran home, like some girls do, if she couldn't bat first or if the result of hand grasps of the bat placed her in the least desirable position. She was a good sport - in a quiet unassuming way - and there was a sweetness about her, especially noticeable in her attitude towards her nieces and nephews, that endeared her to all the children with whom she played. When Kate was in her early teens - after my grandparents and parents had moved to Iron Gate, and she was attending high school there, she was quite blonde - like aunt Lilliehad been - and very pretty. She was small of stature, had a nice figure and a rather quiet but pleasing person-

ality. Her first "affaire de coeur" was unfortunate, because my grandparents objected strenuously to her seeing the rather suave and handsome "man about town" who apparently was somewhat enamoured of her and his invitations to call at their home were what might be described as being in the converse order. In fact, I understand that grandpa, tho' well along in years by then, and no match for a robust young man, once engaged in what was more than a "battle of wits", with him.

After we moved to Buena Vista and grandma, grandpa and Kate had moved into our Iron Gate house, Kate came to visit us once. I was surprised to learn that she could not only play cards but dance as well - and I was proud of her popularity at the parties and dances she attended. A few years later I saw her at a dance at Virginia Mineral Springs where some other young people and I had gone for a summer vacation.

After grandpa died in 1921 grandma and Kate "broke up" housekeeping. They sold some pieces of furniture which would now be valuable as antiques, but gave away much more. About the same time Father sold the house. Grandma and Kate spent some time with Talmage, some with Alma and frequently visited several of grandma's sisters at Big Island, Va. It was while visiting in Big Island that Kate met Mr. Richard Mason - a widower with a small daughter - and a year or so later they were married. Mr. Mason brought his daughter to live with them and Kate brought grandma, who by that time was better satisfied living with Kate than with any of her other children. I understand that the relationship between the child and Kate became practically the same as real mother and daughter, and also that the child and grandma became very near and dear to each other. Also I recall that Mother said after grandma's funeral that she believed Carol (who by then was practically grown) was as griefstricken, if not more so, over grandma's death, as some of the real grandchildren.

Chapter XV

Kate deserves a great deal of credit for her care of grandma, particularly after grandma was past seventy-five and getting quite feeble. All of the children went to see her and sent her gifts and Talmage and Alma took her to their homes at times, but it was Kate that Grandma still preferred to live with and it was she who day by day and night by night humored her every whim.

The last night of grandma's life - when she murmered something about being cold - in spite of hotwater bottles and electric heaters - it was Kate, when the nurse was off for awhile, who slipped out of her shoes, and got into the hospital bed with grandma - to put her arms around her and hold her close, in an effort to make her last few hours more comfortable.

I have not seen Kate since grandma's funeral, but I understand that she and Mr. Mason are living in more or less the same section of Virginia - near Big Island or Bedford - as they have lived ever since their marriage. Some day I hope to see them again.

LEWIS STANSBURY MUSGROVE
(AGE 3 YEARS)

Chapter XVI
Life with Father and Mother at Longdale

I was born November 5th, 1899 - and although I was the third son born to my parents in the three years they had been married, as I have heretofore shown, I was the first child to live. Even tho' Father was not yet twenty-two and in spite of the fact that his expenses had been heavy, he was able to and did deposit $1000 to my credit in a savings account the day I was born - to start a "college education fund". I mention this only because it is an indication of how determined my parents were and had been, that any child of theirs should have every advantage - and because, for sentimental reasons, the money, with all accumulated interest, was actually used sixteen years later, to help defray the expense of my first year at college.

Altho I weighed 10½ lbs. at birth, I must have gotten off to a poor start because the first year of my life I was sick a lot. Years later, when Mother used to tell, uncomplainingly, about what a time she had with me those first few months, I often inquired why she did not drown me in the creek like so many people at Longdale did the less robust kittens born to their pet cats. Also, I often jokingly chided her about the "shaping" she gave my head. It seems that she had read (or the doctor or some of her friends had told her) not only that if a baby slept on its back its head would grow flat, but also that a baby's head could be shaped by pressing it gently with one's fingers - so Mother proceeded to see that I never slept on my back and to try to improve on the head God had given me. Either because of her efforts or just because I would have had a long head anyway, I always had trouble getting a hat which fit - until Knox, the Hatter, came out a few years ago with the long oval blocked "propositions".

Once over the infirmities of my infancy I thrived and as a young boy I was so healthy that I didn't even have the usual childhood diseases

at the normal ages - only to my disgust to "come down" with measles when a senior at High School and mumps when a junior at college.

Practically as soon as I was born, I must have taken to the spoiling I was in for, because as Mother often told, when she took me on my first trip to Richmond, I "raised cain" all night and must have kept all the other people in the pullman awake. Mother said she decided then that she would never travel with me again until I was twenty-one, but by the next fall she must have changed her mind, because as well as I can remember, we always went to Richmond at least once a year. I always liked to go to Richmond because we usually stayed the longest at uncle Sam's where there were cousins of all ages (uncle Sam and aunt "Bet" had, I believe, sixteen children all told, tho' only eight or nine lived beyond infancy). Aunt Bet was somewhat deaf and the noise we made outside or inside the house never seemed to bother her.

In the house they had then, was a real bathroom (at Longdale we had only wash-stand sets, portable zinc tubs and "Chic sales") and atop the house was a big screen covered tank which caught rain water for use in the bathroom. At least once on each of my visits to uncle Sam's, some of my cousins and I would go up on the roof and inspect that supplementary water system - unbeknown, of course, to our parents - and we would stay just as long as we thought we would not be missed.

The stair rail at uncle Sam's curved near the bottom and the newel post did not extend above the rail, so the whole arrangement was perfect for sliding, and after some practice, one could come down fast enough to shoot off some four to six feet into the reception hall. Once my precision wasn't so good or something else went wrong and I fell, hitting my forehead on a sharp corner of the hatrack. The blood gushed, I yelled and quickly Mother had the neighborhood doctor come, but as I would have none of the stitches he advised, I have ever since sported a small scar in the

middle of my forehead.

Upon analyzing now why, as a child, I always looked forward to our Richmond visits I have hit upon the following reasons, which I believe are only natural. My aunts, uncles and numerous cousins always provided every possible entertainment and showed me a real deference, the "why" of which I never understood or even questioned. Uncle Jim, Mother's youngest brother, who had no children then, always took me to amusement parks, took Mother and me to shows - even plays at night - and we sometimes went to the seashore and always took in any current attraction such as the State Fair or the Jamestown Exposition in 1907.

The good times stuck in my mind between visits and the few unpleasant incidents were soon forgotten. I never recalled, but Mother always told that when I was very small she once had to whip me to get me into a rowboat on the lake in Idlewood Park. After uncle jim had exhausted himself rowing around and had paid several extra admission fees, Mother finally had to whip me to get me out. Then there was the time at the Jamestown Exposition that I walked smack into a big column in a display building and my ego was hurt terribly because the other kids said I was just a country boy who "couldn't see for looking."

Mother always did most of her shopping, for me as well as for herself, while in Richmond, and she necessarily had to take me along some of the days she was going to the stores so that suits, shoes, overcoats, hats, etc. could be tried on me. Often in a store she would run into some friends she hadn't seen for years and my first recollection of being absolutely bored goes back to those times when I had to wait around while she and her friends related to each other almost everything that had happened in their lives since they had last had an opportunity to visit.

Also there lived in Richmond, completely across town from where my uncles lived, some cousins of Mother's, several maiden ladies and at

least one old bachelor, and once during every visit to Richmond, we had to put on our Sunday clothes, ride several different street cars and go to call on them. Before we started and on the way Mother would caution me to be a little gentleman, to say "Yes maam" or "Yes sir", etc. and not to start asking if it was time to go just as soon as we got there - like I had done the year before!

Father would usually come to Richmond for the last few days of our visit, but once when I was about eight or nine he was not going to join us and Mother decided to extend her visit beyond the time I wanted to stay. My insistence that we go home on schedule was of no avail, so unbeknown to her, I wrote to my Father and told him as best I could, about my troubles. He no sooner had received my letter than he wrote to me sending money for a ticket home and telephoned Mother urging that she put me on a train in care of the conductor until I arrived in Clifton Forge, where he would meet me. Even tho' I'm ashamed of the fact now, the upshot of it all was that we returned to Longdale when I had wanted to. Father's excuse for humoring me that once was that when he was a very small boy he had visited his grandparents in Bedford and had developed a bad case of what to his mind was the worst torture in the world - home sickness. He had at that time written to grandpa, who immediately went after him and he thought that similarly he should arrange for me to get home - pronto. I well recall that aunt Atchie (uncle Bill's wife), who was always quite outspoken, and with whom we were staying at the time, made some very true and justified observations - which would, if put into present-day vernacular, include the words "spoiled brat" and some others equally as unflattering.

Besides our visits to Richmond my memory brings to mind, much other visiting, such as the time we spent a week with a family by the name of Massie, at their beautiful ancestral country place near Hot Springs; the visit we had with Miss Alice Wood, her father and family at their farm-home

which fronts on the James River below Glen Wilton, and the time when I was extremely young that we went to Bedford and visited my great grandfather (grandma's father), on what was left of the once large and fertile Gatewood farm.

Not only did we do a lot of visiting, but we were the subject of visiting - galore. Mother adored having company, Father didn't mind and I liked it or not, according to who the visitors were. Most of our guests were relatives - or preachers - but at times we had some of Mother's old friends and occasionally a family "connection", once or twice removed. Our city relatives all came to cool mountainous Longdale in the summer, but it seems to me that the preachers were always with us - on weekends. The church school building at Longdale was built along Episcopalian "lines", but the preachers who came from other places to preach on Sundays were of various denominations - Baptist predominating - and Father used to say that nobody else in the world could eat as much fried chicken or as many hot biscuits as a baptist preacher. The ladies of the church would vie with one another as to which would entertain the preacher over the Saturday night and Sunday or Sunday and Sunday night and it seems that Mother was about the best "vier" of all.

One of the few times I can recall, when Mother was quite put out with Father about his reaction to our preacher entertaining, was on a summer weekend when we already had several other guests in the house. Mother had planned to sleep with one of the lady guests and have the preacher sleep with Father - but when she told Father her plan he flatly refused to either give up his bed or to share it with anyone other than her - and he did not waiver. However, I think Mother quickly arranged some other "set up" and the preacher luxuriated alone in our best guest-room, never suspecting that by accepting Mother's invitation he had caused a general moving around of all the family and guests, except Father.

Mother practically always had an excellent cook, but whenever she was without one neither the quantity nor quality of our meals suffered because by the time that I can first remember, Mother had acquired real ability as a cook herself. She was no longer the slight fragile girl my Father had married, and altho' she was never fat or even what might be described as large, she was healthy, well developed and strong - and her energy seemed to know no bounds. Her neighbors and even Father marveled at what she would undertake - and accomplish. She learned to can all kinds of fruits and vegetables, to make numerous types of jellies and preserves and she even supervised the making of applebutter and also homemade kitchen soap, in large iron containers, in the back yard - and she often helped Father, when after supper he would put on old clothes and go to work in the vegetable garden. Sometimes, after I got old enough, I had to help too - walking along rows of potato plants, knocking bugs off into a can, when some of my friends were playing "hide and seek" or some other game, in front of our house.

Farther back than I can remember, Mother and Father moved from the small house they had taken when first married, into the much larger "other side" on the corner of the one block "Main St." at Longdale and which had much larger front and back yards and garden. So all of my childhood, until I was nearly twelve, revolves around that location. The house contains a small hall which opens in the back on to a side porch extending along the dining room and kitchen. On the right of the hall as you enter is a parlor, on the left a very large living room which opens into the dining room. The stairway in the hall leads to two large bedrooms upstairs and beyond one, to the back of thehouse is a very small servants' room accessible also from an outside stairway off the side porch. When I went thru the house several summers ago - the first time since 1911 - each room conjured up happy memories of my childhood.

I could even see the white iron bed alongside my parents' "Golden Oak" double bed, and I recalled Mother's oft-repeated account of her last attempt to make me take an afternoon nap. According to the story, I had been fighting against such naps for sometime and when put to bed would hollo or cry or sing - anything but go to sleep - so she decided to darken the room that day and go into the yard, out of my hearing - first threatening me with a whipping if I got out of my bed. When she returned she found that I hadn't gotten out of bed, but had not only torn up my bed but had reached over and gotten feather pillows from her bed, and had torn them or ripped a seam with the result that feathers were all over the room, the beds and me.

As I stood in my parents' bedroom I could almost see the wood burning stove in front of which I was always given my bath in winter - the large Golden Oak dresser, in front of which Mother stood each morning in her petticoats and combed her long black hair, tying it in the back with a small piece of black velvet ribbon and then twirling it into a knot, either at the back of her neck or on top of her head; Mother's rocking chair; Father's big desk with the row of reference books on top, the telephone, the telegraph machine, the silver miniature coal scuttle he used for an ashtray, the hand-carved letter opener a friend had brought from China and the secret side compartment wherein he kept a pistol, gold coins and momentos of all kinds - all came to mind and it seemed momentarily that the hands of the old clock on the mantle had been turned back - thirty years or more.

As we passed through each of the first floor rooms - the parlor where the red flowered Victorian paper was still on the walls, the dining room containing built-in glass doored cabinets on either side of the fireplace, where Mother always displayed her Haviland plates

and other best china - memo[illegible] rushing back so fast I could hardly hear the kind host-like pleasantries of the old, less privileged couple who had known us years ago, who now own the place, and who were showing us through, but I do recall that after we had drunk some of the cold mineral water and eaten some of the apples from the old tree in the back yard, which as a kid I had climbed hundreds of times, and as we were walking from the house, Mr. Nicely who obviously couldn't see as well as he used to, turned to Mother and said "I understand your older son is a big business man in New York!" He had mistaken me for my brother Robert, who is eleven years my junior, and John Barrymore, in his heyday never adlibbed a more timely remark because the implied flattery of the mistaken identity was a balm to my blue and depressed feelings and it was just the thing to blot out the thoughts I'm sure Mother was thinking - that she had probably been thru that house where she had spent so many happy years, for the last time - and it gave her the perfect opportunity to tell them about Bob having volunteered, being at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, taking officers' training and that he would come home on furlough just as soon as he received his commission. The "pick up" in conversation even helped us as we walked along the paths in the oversized back and front yards to be less stunned and saddened because some of the maple trees were missing, the lawn and graveled walks were no longer well-kept, the grape arbor had practically fallen, the riprapped sides of the small stream which divides the backyard from the garden had practically rotted, Virginia creeper and rambling roses no longer covered one side of the house and shaded the large front porch; most of the lilac and rose bushes, the Yucca and "flowering pineapple" were gone and only a few of the evergreens and flowering shrubs were still struggling against the ravages of time and lack of care. The various colored crocuses which in spring used to border the walks in perfect alignment, I'm sure had long since ceased to bloom. Only some of the trees and the enormous square

boulder, laborously placed under one towering oak, remained "as was".

When I was very small my Father read to me a lot. Practically every night after I had had my bath, said my prayers at Mother's knees and was ready for bed, and when Father would be sitting back in his big chair with his feet on his desk, smoking a cigar and reading the Wall Street Journal, I would crawl up in his lap and he would put down the paper and read Uncle Remus stories until I was sound asleep. Sometimes the cigar smoke would get in my eyes or he would drop hot ashes on my clean sleeping suit and Mother would scold him, but I looked forward to hearing those tales of Breh Rabbit in the Briar Patch, etc. so much and they were read so many times that the copy of Uncle Remus, which is still at home, has truly "seen its best days". Later Father read Robinson Crusoe to me - in instalments, as chapters came out in a business magazine he took and as years went on he even read current best sellers such as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch", "Lovey Mary", "Pigs is Pigs", all of Harold Bell Wright's books and numerous others, to both Mother and me.

Father spent a lot of time and effort in my edification. He passed on to me much of his knowledge of nature and of the habits and instincts of animals. Also he taught me where to expect snakes and lizards, how to cut forked sticks with which to hold them while killing them, etc. Years later when I took a term of astronomy at college, the information Father had given me at nights, when he would point out the big dipper, the little dipper, this star and that planet, came in handy. The coming of Haley's comet was much in the headlines, sometime during my boyhood - as was a visit of the twenty-year locusts, and Father was quite interested in both events. He read everything he could find about them - also he always knew when there was to be any eclipse of the sun, and had smoked and colored glass ready and handy, for all of us to view any such spectacle.

While Father taught me many things I wasn't too anxious to learn, such as how to mow the lawns, how to get the spreading weed, which was so hardy, out of the lawn without leaving a noticeable hole (he paid me 1¢ for each pile of 100), how to chop kindling wood and fat pine without cutting off a foot or a finger, and how to chop off a chicken's head (none of our maids ever liked or wanted to kill chickens), without getting blood all over my clothes, he also taught me many things I was anxious to know - such as how to fly a kite, to light a fire with a piece of glass, etc. - and how to ride a bicycle. He had a big high bicycle himself and when I was no more than six or seven, he bought me a bicycle which was only about thirty or thirty-six inches high - and we rode not only all around Longdale, on many, many occasions, but to Clifton Forge and to various other places miles away from Longdale, as well. Father never liked swimming, but after I had been thrown into the creek at its deepest point, by some older boys and had learned to swim - because it was swim or <u>else</u> - he used to take me and some of my cousins to one of the ponds, on Sunday afternoons and watch while we swam. On one such occasion when my cousin, Earl Harvill, had lost his nerve or something and was going down the second time, Father plunged in with all his clothes on and pulled him out.

Father always liked to hike and many holidays and Sundays, especially when we had visitors, we spent the day climbing to some place of interest on the mountain, eating a picnic lunch and returning just before sundown. At the top of the mountain, back of Longdale village is a spot where for a mile or so the boulders are larger than houses and by climbing down thru some of the crevices one can find a cave known to all the old residents of Alleghany County as "Pete's Cave". There is a local legend, pretty well backed up, that a man named Peter hid there all during the Civil War, to avoid entering the conflict. All of our summer visitors seemed to like to put on hiking clothes, climb for several hours, to Pete's Cave and stop by

a cool mountain spring on the way back, for a picnic. At least they would talk a lot about the trips and even would write during the winter that they were looking forward to another visit with us and another trip to "Pete's Cave". Several boys my age and I were so impressed with Pete's story that we dug a fairly good-sized cave in the side of the foothill which rose directly back of our garden. It took weeks to dig it but our labor was worth while because we used it for years - even after a section of its roof caved in and several of us had to crawl out thru the hole made by the cave-in - as the make-believe hideout of train robbers, cattlemen, gypsies and practically all the other clans or groups a young boy's mind can conjure up.

As a growing boy I had most of the usual pets. I was so small when I had my first dog - a collie, which was killed the day President McKinley was assassinated - that I can barely remember him - and the same is true as to a duck, which I've often heard Mother tell about. It seems that someone gave me several duck eggs and which were put under a setting hen. One hatched and was practically one of the brood of chickens except that I singled it out for a pet. Finally, when it was a few weeks old it took to water and as it would swim up and down the small stream that separated our back yard from the garden, I would run up and down the riprapped side of the stream raising plenty of rumpus because I thought it was going to swim away. Finally it died - probably from too much attention and according to the story it took considerable of what can be called "hush bribes" to persuade me to cease carrying its body around in a cardboard box and to consent to its burial in a space across the road behind our garden, which later became the "pet cemetery".

Mother was the disciplinarian at our house. I think she thoroughly subscribed to the theory that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, however, in actual practise she used switches much less often than

a leather strap, with three tails, which always seemed to be handy. Back when shirtwaists and skirts were in style, Mother used to keep that strap, sometimes for several hours, suspended from the belt that encircled her small well-corseted waist - whenever a whipping was in the offing and its presence had a real moderating affect on my behavior. Usually after any switching episode Mother would have me sit down by her and she would explain why what I had done was wrong, why I had to be punished and how she disliked to take such action, and, when I was very small I was seldom dismissed until I had given a promise to try to be a better boy and usually such interviews ended with a light kiss on the cheek or a pat on the shoulder - which made life again worth living.

I was a fairly large boy - possibly eight or nine - when my Father administered the one and only thrashing he ever gave me. I certainly deserved it and the only regrettable part of the incident is that, according to Mother, he was upset and his nerves on edge for several days thereafter. Dr. Givens, a widower at that time, shared the "doctor's house" with the chemist and as they were both good friends of my parents, I knew them very well. Oftentimes during the day I would go to Dr. Given's office when I would see an accident victim being brought in and like my Father before me, would watch a leg being set, a burn bandaged or a cinder removed from an eye. Also I liked to look at the fingers, toes and embryos which the various doctors had collected and which were kept in rows of neatly labeled bottles of formaldehyde - and having a normal if not abnormal desire to supplement my meagre knowledge of the "facts of life", etc. I particularly liked to peruse the books from Dr. Given's library and the medical magazines, which were always lying around his office and living room. Sometimes after supper I would have a game of catch with the doctor or chemist, they would let some other child and me use their tennis rackets and balls after it was too dark for them to play - or I would just go in to watch them play pool - and one night

when I was at their house a little later than I usually stayed, Dr. Givens asked me if my parents knew where I was. I told him "no" but when he suggested that I run home across the two yards that separated our houses, and get their permission if I wanted to prolong my visit, I just went into the side yard, waited under the grape arbor a few minutes and then went back in and announced that it was all right for me to stay a little while longer. Dr. Givens and the chemist were absorbed in reading by then and of course, didn't suspect my deliberate hoax, so when my Father telephoned a little later to inquire if by chance I was with them, Dr. Givens quite naturally told him about sending me home, my return, etc. - with the result that before I could make a hurried and embarrassed exit, Father had hung up the telephone and joined us. Very soon we all understood just what had happened, I had to apologize and after Father and I were back home came the punishment. On the way Father had cut a good supply of keen switches and I remember that when Mother finally came back to the kitchen, where Father had taken me, to intercede and to announce that "enough is enough" - or something to that effect, the floor was strewn with pieces of switches - and Mother picked them all up so that the maid coming to prepare breakfast the next morning, would not find them and know what had happened.

My parents had very definite ideas about rearing their children and they seldom, if ever, followed any unsolicited advice of relatives or friends. Sometimes grandma or some of my aunts would suggest that my parents should be less strict or should allow me to do this or that, and while it was never made an issue, I was conscious of the fact that Mother and Father wanted no interference. I can recall at least once tho', when grandma outwilled them - and saved me punishment. Back in those days the winters were very cold, at Longdale, the man-made ponds, which in places were fifteen to twenty feet deep were often well frozen and skating was

about the most popular winter sport. My parents had taught me how to skate - had even taken me on night skating parties when big fires would be built on the banks of the pond and food and hot drinks served at intervals - but when I was very young I was never allowed to go skating with just a crowd of kids, unless the ice was unquestionably thick and strong. One time when the weather was moderating and Mother suspected - correctly it turned out - that the ice would be wavey and weak, she told me that I was not to go near the ponds, but later I saw a crowd of kids on their way and altho' I left my own skates at home I went by grandma's, borrowed a pair and joined them at the pond. We had hardly started testing out the ice in the shallowest part of the pond, when I went thru with both feet, well above my shoes and where the long "union suits" I wore, began - and only then had I given any thought to explaining wet shoes and clothes if I should "fall in" - but I had a bright thought and with water squashing out of my shoes, I hurried back to grandma's. I had no sooner explained about falling in and what I would be in for at home, than Grandma had my shoes, my stockings (of the long black variety boys wore in those days) and me, all in front of her fireplace, drying out. Soon everything was dry - at least to the extent of not showing wet - and Mother never knew, until I told her years after I was grown - that I had disobeyed her and that grandma had conspired with me to keep her from finding it out. Even then she was chagrined and I believe she stopped short a few times afterwards, when she was about to tell someone that I had never given her any real trouble when I was growing up.

By the time children are grown most parents have forgotten most of the unpleasant incidents - even wanting to remember only the pleasant ones. God in his infinite wisdom made parents that way I think, and I've long been thankful for it!

Neither Mother nor Father, when we lived at Longdale, had as strict religious views as grandpa, but religion was definitely a part of our life.

Chapter XVI

Every Saturday night when I was small, Mother heard my Sunday School lesson and the Golden Text - and long before I was eleven years old I had had to memorize the ten commandments, the Creed, the Twenty-third Psalm, etc. On Sundays, dressed in our best clothes, we went to Sunday School, where Mother taught a class and Father was Treasurer. After Sunday School we stayed for church, often taking the Minister home for dinner - if he wasn't our house guest already - and again Sunday night we went to "preaching". Mr. Holman who ran the commissary at Longdale, was Superintendent of the Sunday School during the years I remember best, and he also played the organ or led the singing, in addition to teaching the men's bible class. Once while talking somewhat at length on some part of the bible Mr. Holman must have noticed that Father was deeply absorbed in thought and was not being very attentive, so he turned to Father and said something like "Now Fremont, what would you say is the lesson we learn from that verse". Father - so suddenly aroused from his trance-like relaxation - very frankly but quickly replied "You can search me", and many times afterwards Mr. Holman and other members of the class joked with Father and offered many amusing suggestions as to what he was thinking about. Once when I had gotten large enough to want to sit up front on the long benches perpendicular to the congregation, with the older boys and girls, who were generally considered as composing the choir, I got quite bored between hymns and proceeded to try balancing the hymnal on the flat head of some girl sitting in front of me. The girl grabbed the book and probably thereby saved me from complete disgrace but even so Mother told me after the services were over that she was sure the Minister had seen what I had done and that she had been embarrassed almost to tears.

The following poem which Mother liked so well and copy of which she kept in her desk for years, so closely expresses her philosophy and her sentiments regarding mother-son relationship, that anyone who really

knew her might very well have thought she wrote it.

TO MY SON
(By a Mother)

Do you know that your soul is of my soul such part
That you seem to be fibre and cord of my heart?
None other can pain me as you dear can do;
None other can please me or praise me as you

Remember the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name
"Like Mother like son" is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of Mother by you.

Be yours then the task, if task it shall be
To force the proud world to do homage to me
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won,
She reaped as she sowed, Lo! this is her son.

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Tho' rarely indulged in - never by Father - cards and dancing were not forbidden at our house. Once in a while when my parents had a party or when some of their friends just "dropped in", there would be a game of set back, "7 up" or old maid, and after we had a piano Mother and some of the guests would dance a few steps. Also we always had homemade wine in the house and altho' there was usually some in the crystal wine set on the sideboard in the dining room, it was seldom served except on State occasions, such as Xmas, and then only with pound cake or in sauce over a pudding or "brown betty".

Life at Longdale - different as it was from life today - was pleasant and happy for my parents and me. We had all the necessities of life and many of the luxuries. Father was very close to Mr. Firmstone and the Johnsons who owned the iron company (and all property for miles around) and his income, a rather substantial one for the time and place, not only justified our living as we did, but also enabled Father to add appreciably each month to his savings and investments - and he and Mother thoroughly enjoyed each step they took towards the day when they would be financially independent. Without denying themselves or me, they were careful about

money matters and they paid cash for everything - be it the services of a dentist in Clifton Forge, or hiring one or two horses and the surrey (it had fringe on top), one of the several buggies or the three-seated vehicle - all of which made up the livery stable equipment of a well-to-do and respected colored man named George Parrish. We never had bills, even for clothes or household furnishings and Father even sent a check in full for the piano, which was purchased when I was about eight or nine years of age. I thought he was next to the richest man in the world.

Father was then erect, cleancut and very business-like - always a particular dresser, his shoes shone, his clothes were immaculate and well pressed, his black mustache neatly trimmed and his black derby hat was never dusty or brown looking. He might well have passed for a city banker, lawyer, doctor or preacher, and his dignified appearance, exemplatory demeanor and obvious financial success would have inspired the respect and confidence of all the local people even if he hadn't been so vital a part of the management of the iron company. Mother was equally poised and happy whether she was a guest of the Johnsons at "The House", lunching with young Mrs. Esrey Johnson, visiting or entertaining other of the "well-to-do" white collar class, chatting over the fence which encircled our yards, with some laborer's wife who never had occasion to come into our house, or even inquiring of some colored person about his or her sick child or aged parent.

All children, I believe, during their formative years, are greatly influenced in the opinions they have of their parents, by their parents' attitudes towards <u>them</u> and more than is generally appreciated, they compare their parents, their homes, their advantages, etc. with those of their associates, and such being true, it was only natural that I, as a young lad at Longdale, should develop an exaggerated opinion of my own importance,

etc. - which later in life was to be "moderated" at least - the hard way! There were several contributing factors including the disadvantage of being an only child for eleven years, the fact that I never attended public school until the eighth grade (always having a private teacher up to that time) and that I was not allowed ever to associate with "just anyone" who happened to live within associating distance. Even the number of times per day I could go over to see Elwood Jenkins - who had a billygoat and cart - was limited when I was around eight or nine and at times I was lonesome and somewhat bitter because as yet, I had no brother or even sister. Once when a neighbor's daughter had drifted into our yard and I was enjoying her company, Mother, thinking I was alone, called me to come and run to the Commissary for something she needed. I was so afraid the girl would leave before I got back that I maneuvered her into the woodshed and then hooked the door on the outside. But unlike Peter the Pumpkin Eater, I didn't keep her very well because Mother, hearing the screams which soon emitted from the woodshed, not only let her out, but in addition, gave me a thrashing and a lecture on how not to entertain the fair sex in your own back yard!

When I was about eight or nine years old my parents decided to buy a piano and have me take music lessons. They had no reason to think that I had any talent but they thought every child should learn to play some instrument in order to be well rounded and I think they decided on the piano because Mother could still play some and because Miss Natalie Holman, a close friend and neighbor who had just graduated from Hollins, was an accomplished pianist, and had agreed to take me as a pupil. Altho' I liked music, took lessons continuously for some five years, even played in a college orchestra one year and have always gotten pleasure out of being able to play a little, I still recall how at first I detested the idea of being the only boy in Longdale who was taking music and when I had to show off for my parents' friends and relatives, I felt that such was just unnecessarily flaunting a sissified accomplishment.

Chapter XVI

During the summer of 1910 it was decided that I could finally attend the public school, and that fall I entered the eighth grade. So far as studies were concerned I got along fine and as a whole I did alright - except that I didn't get thru the year without one whipping. At the school the fire was made early each morning by some one of the older boys who was paid by the school board, but during the day the teacher selected any boy to go out for coal or to put some on the fire. One day when I was putting some on, I spilled a few lumps on the floor and was told I'd have to stay in during recess and sweep it up, etc. When recess came I marched out with the rest only to be called back, get into an argument and not only have to do the job but get a thrashing as well. Since the teacher went by home after school and told my Mother (probably because Father was on the school board) I almost got another thrashing there.

Late in 1910 Father was making quite a few business trips and whenever he was not going far and was driving he would take me along. Once when we had one of the company's frisky young mules and a buckboard, and I was doing the driving we stopped in "Indian Pass", for Father to get a drink at one of the many cool mineral springs he could never pass up and just as he was bending down over the spring, something scared the animal and it struck out, lickity-split down the road. Somehow I managed to keep it in the road and to hold on to the reins until the runaway had run himself out, but I never before - or since - saw Father run at all - much less like he did that day, in pursuit of that jack, buckboard and me - and ever since, when anyone kids him about always taking his time and not ever having run - even to fires at Longdale - I feel like recalling how he once really burned up the wind.

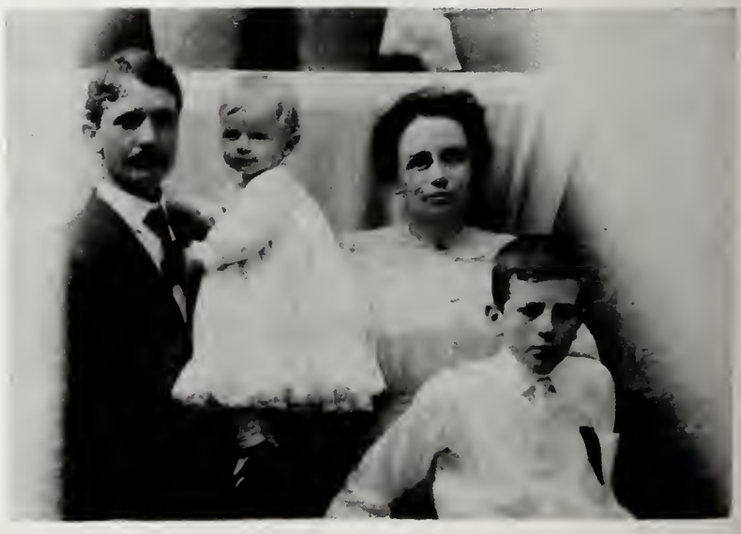
MARY STANSBURY MUSGROVE
AND TWO SONS.

LONGDALE

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA

MARTHA GATEWOOD MUSGROVE
AND A GRANDSON

1911



FREMONT FRANK MUSGROVE
AND FAMILY

Chapter XVII
1911 - Bob is born -
General Exodus from Longdale

The year 1911 was a momentus one for our immediate family. The most important event was the birth of my brother Robert - on February 24th. I remember well that early that morning before daylight, Father - carrying one of our oil lamps - came upstairs to my room, awakened me, said that I had a baby brother and asked if I wanted to go down and see him. Upon going down, I found the doctor had gone, the practical nurse was tidying up the room and there in the bed with Mother, was Bob. I can see him now - red as a beet - yawning, heavy-eyed and of course, absolutely disinterested in Mother's baby talk about waking up and meeting his big brother. Altho' I realized then and there that my status had changed - that I would thenceforth and evermore have to share my parents' interest, attentions, etc. I was so proud and glad to have a brother that I never did experience a first pang of resentment or any jealousy towards him. On the other hand, there seems to have been born a sense of responsibility and protectorship which somehow has never entirely vanished.

Bob was a big baby, husky enough at birth but before many weeks he was losing weight instead of gaining and before the doctor hit upon the trouble - a matter of adequate nourishment, he had developed into a sickly fretful baby and it took Mother months to get him on his feet - figuratively as well as literally.

A short while after Bob was born, the death knell of the Longdale Iron Co. was sounded. Of course, I didn't know that Father was thin and quiet and worried because he was about to make the first change in his business connections (the only change to date). I hadn't realized that the men who had come to our house the year before in automobiles - rare sights at Longdale in those days and the first one had stalled in the creek fording - had come to see him about becoming associated with them as soon as the rumored closing down of Longdale became a reality. But in 1911 when Father left and told me that I

would have to be the man of the house and sole protector of Mother and Bob, until he could find a house in Iron Gate, I felt my responsibility keenly - considering my tender age.

Practically everyone was leaving Longdale and soon there was no commissary and no doctor. About once a week I was sent to Clifton Forge for food and once or twice we had to have a doctor come from there to see Bob.

Occasionally, when Bob would be put out in the yard to sleep in his carriage I would have to listen out for when he would awaken and cry and once when he did, I picked him up. That particular time his carriage had been placed in the shade of our enormous grape arbor, which formed kind of a bower about seven feet high and ten or fifteen feet long. I proceeded to jump him up and down above my head, which he seemed to thoroughly enjoy, until all of a sudden he started crying like nobody's business. Looking up I saw the short end of a rusty nail pointed downward and upon examining his head I realized what had happened. Fortunately the skin was only slightly broken and I soon got him quieted, before Mother or the maid heard him, but in later years I have had a lot of fun with him by attributing anything he does, the wisdom of which I question, to the "head injury" I gave him when he was a baby!

Late in 1911 we moved to Iron Gate.

Chapter XVIII
Grandpa's death - 1921
Grandma's death - 1935

In June, 1921, grandpa had a contract to remodel and/or repair a church (in Iron Gate). I understand that as the job was nearing completion and his men were doing some final work on the steeple he insisted on climbing up to see if everything was just right. After he had reached the top he became dizzy or his foot slipped and he fell the 100 ft. or so - to his death. It has always seemed ironical to me that grandpa who had always been so good and so religious, should come to his death in connection with work on a church - which he was probably doing for little or no profit.

It happened on a Monday, I well recall, because I was to receive my degree at Washington and Lee University the next day. All the academic, athletic and social affairs attendant to "Finals" at W & L were in full sway. Mother and Father had been to Lexington the day before for the Bacallaureate sermon and were coming back for the Senior Ball that night, and for commencement the next day. My current "best girl" a junior at Sweet Briar, was up on my "bid", and we had just come from a dansante to my fraternity house, when I received the telephone call from Mother. She told me quietly and sympathetically that grandpa was dead, that Father, stunned and deeply affected, had asked her to tell me that his greatest sorrow had come concurrently with an occasion of which he was truly proud (my graduation from college) and that he was sorry that I would have to receive my degree without the benefit of my family's presence - and she added in her typically thoughtful and protective way, that they were leaving immediately for Iron Gate, but that she and Father had decided that I would not be expected to go with them or to do anything different in Lexington than if grandpa were still living - that there was nothing I could do which would either help him or harm him. So I did go on - to all the various events and social affairs, but in all fairness to myself I must say that often during the two ensuing days and nights I stopped during the

boat race or commencement, or walked off the dance floor at the Senior and Final Balls (the latter traditionally an all-night dance) to be alone for a moment - and to offer up a prayer for grandpa, who after all I really loved and respected - for my parents and my brother they had taken with them, for grandma and all the others bowed down in sorrow - and my conscience wasn't entirely inactive.

As probably my readers have by now sensed, I have always had a rather unusual feeling about death - and funerals. Generally I have avoided attending funerals - and incidentally, I hope, like most humans, to postpone the last one at which I'll be present, as long as possible. However, when my parents were home from grandpa's funeral - and I was home from commencement, I was much more interested in hearing about grandpa's funeral and all the family who were there, etc. than I was in telling them about commencement and receiving my degree. I remember Father's pertinent and sensible statement that grandpa, with his dislike for extravagance and his love of wood, would not have approved of the metallic casket, alone costing over $1,000. in which he was buried, at Sharon.

As I have mentioned before, grandma and Kate discontinued housekeeping soon after grandpa's death, and several years later when Kate was married, grandma went to live with her - at Big Island. Grandma was still quite strong and healthy at that time, however, and she frequently visited those of her other children who lived in Virginia - but was never persuaded to go outside the State to visit the others. As she grew older she seemed to live for the times when her children - particularly those living far away - would come to see her and the end of each of their visits was hard for all concerned, because she always wanted them to stay longer, never wanted them to leave and even sometimes referred to the fact that she might never see them again. When even the children and grandchildren

who lived nearby came, she would resort to strategy to cause them to overstay their visits and she always exacted promises that they would come back soon. Like all older people she loved to reminisce, and at times she would tell about incidents which some of the younger members of the family, at silly or sensitive ages, would rather not have been reminded of - and were sometimes kidded about. But they loved her just the same and would go back - and next time would probably hear something amusing which they could do some kidding about.

The older grandma got the more she talked about grandpa and how she had never ceased to miss him - and I think she realized that soon, if ever, they would be reunited.

Grandma's extreme love for her own endured right up to the last. When age and general debility had practically accomplished the inevitable, after she had been taken to the hospital, so that she would have every possible care, and after all the children had been summoned from their homes in various States, there was still something - almost inhuman - which caused her to arouse from the coma into which she had lapsed, to show some sign of recognition and appreciation as each child came into her room - a brightening of her eyes, a mumbled name or a sign of satisfaction! It seemed as tho' she was waiting for them all to come before she died.

When Father telegraphed me that the end had come, I left the bank (in Raleigh, N.C.) where I had an office - and inside of an hour my wife, my daughter and I were driving, in a terrific rainstorm, towards home. Judging from the number of grandchildren who attended the funeral, many must have had the same desire that I had - to once again, like when we were children, surrender to that magnetic charm of love and devotion, which always drew us to grandma.

The rain continued to come down in torrents, thru that night, the next day and only stopped at intervals on the third day - the day of the

funeral - and after the funeral, as we took her over North Mountain to Sharon - partly the same way she had driven with grandpa, when fifty or more years before, they had first gone to Longdale - we were worried for fear the hearse or some car would skid on one of the treacherous mountain curves and plunge the hundreds of feet to the valley below.

As the procession passed thru Longdale I doubt if a word was spoken - and those of the few remaining residents who had gathered along the highway, removed their hats and bowed their heads as we passed.

My wife and I had left our daughter, then aged eight, with my Father-in-law in Buena Vista, so imagine our surprise, upon driving up to Sharon, to notice a familiar Lincoln automobile parked near the entrance - and sure enough, there was "Buster", my father-in-law's chauffeur, under the wheel and my father-in-law and our daughter on the back seat. Noting the continued rain, he had decided to come direct from Buena Vista and bring a large supply of umbrellas for use between the cars and the grave. Our daughter watched the short commitment service from the vantage point of her maternal granddaddy's lap - and I couldn't help but think how odd it was that (contrary to our plans) the first interment she should ever see was in the same little mountain cemetery where I, twenty-seven years before, and when at just about her age, had been taken for the first funeral I ever attended.

I had always been so close to grandma and have always rather disliked the present custom of leaving a grave before the casket is lowered, so disregarding the pouring rain I lingered at grandma's grave after all the rest of the family and friends had gone back to their cars and started home - and afterwards I was glad I had because as the heavy metallic casket was being lowered the sides of the grave, weakened by the long continued rain, gave way and fell with thuds into the wooden box below and the undertaker's assistants, not having the equipment at Sharon,

which they probably keep available at modern city cemeteries, were somewhat in a quandary as to what to do, especially as each time they would get the clay from the box and start over, more of it would fall from a side. They had evidently not noticed me standing by or if they had, just thought I was some curious person, unrelated to the deceased, because finally one man said "I don't know anything to do but dig the grave over, a few feet to one side" - another replied "That won't do - you know they want her next to the old man" - and then it was suggested that they take the casket into the church, and come back the next day - to lower it and fill the grave. That was when I went to the undertaker and told him that he would have to do something else and that I would not under any circumstances, allow them to leave grandma unburied, or her grave unfilled. So after some discussion, after the casket had been put to one side and the grave dug wider and longer, they were finally able to slowly and carefully lower grandma to her final resting place, with only one of the many who had loved her, looking on.

From the time grandpa had died in 1921 until grandma died in 1935, Father had regularly each month, when he wrote Mother's check for household expenses, written a check and mailed it to grandma. After her death and when he had qualified as her administrator he found that practically the total of all he had sent her was on deposit in a bank, in an individual savings account. Altho' he had realized that her needs had been few, that Kate had provided a home for her, that the other children gave her clothes and paid her medicine and doctor bills - and that she had some little money of her own, he was amazed to find that she had spent so little of what he had sent her and for which she had always been so grateful and proud - so he took that money and erected the dignified but rather imposing memorial which catches one's eye almost immediately upon entering Sharon.

TO ONE YET YOUNG

How can I tell you what you wish to know
My youth, my hopes, the way my parents had me grow?
If you could but elicit dreams from me -
If you could understand the scarlet sea,
Vermilion voids that slip out to eternity!
My dear, the slender threads of memory
I've slubbed and wound upon the spool of years
Have molded easily, wetted by my tears.

Mervin Chapman

A D D E N D U M

Concerning the author
and his immediate family

* * * * * *

"God gave his children memory that in life's garden,

There might be June roses in December"

Robert Ridgeway Musgrove

I don't recall much about Bob during the five years we lived at Iron Gate, except that after he was walking, he had a mania for eating or drinking most anything he came upon. Once he took a swig of kerosene which the maid had in a coca cola bottle in the summer kitchen (and had failed to put out of his reach). He turned blue and stiffened and Mother thought surely he would die before the doctor came.

Each time something like that would happen to Bob he would be spoiled more and more during the convalescing period by Mother, but in between incidents she would do her best go get him in line. Every now and then when I was home I would give her some unsolicited assistance, but she never liked it when I took it upon myself to give him a paddling. With Father, the spoiling was continuous and unrestrained, and there was nothing Bob ever did when he was a baby or small boy that Father couldn't find an alibi or plausible excuse for. Before Bob could sit up to the dining room table Father would often take him on his lap and give him a taste of this and that - many things which Mother didn't really want him to have - and while the table was being cleared for dessert or after a meal, Bob would reach out and get any unused silver, and sometimes when he took a notion to do so, would throw it across the table or on to the floor.

In 1914 I graduated from the two-year high school at Iron Gate, having purposely spread the two-year course, plus several extra subjects, over three years because my parents didn't want me to go away to school at thirteen. For my first year in the Clifton Forge High School (as a junior) I commuted every day, with numerous other boys and girls, by train and the train schedule was such that we had about two hours after school before leaving Clifton Forge. When I recall the loafing and romping which went on, particularly around the combination "Inn" and railroad station and in the coaches - which stood in the station a half hour or so before the train left - I wonder why the ticket agent and particularly the conductor

who was old and cranky, didn't resign or ask for a transfer. Every now and then the conductor would jump into some one or two of the kids or on the gang as a whole, but once I was the victim of his giving vent to his pent-up resentment. Since, as it happened, I was guilty of no particular wrong-doing that day, I reported to Father about being loudly and unjustly bawled out before a train full of people and altho' he had never before been disposed to take up my fights, or squabbles generally, his reaction to that incident was in my favor. Maybe he was anxious to run the whole thing down and find out how I was behaving on the train each day, but his communicating with a C & O official, who was a friend of his, only resulted in a written apology from the old Captain - and the "cutting up" the others and I had been doing, not even being "aired", was resumed full blast.

Father was still on the county school board while we lived in Iron Gate, and the summer of 1915 he gave me the job of taking the school census. I walked or drove all over the county and made a list of all the children of school age - with their names, ages, addresses, etc. - thereby earning my first "real money". Also the next winter I made some extra spending money by substituting at times for the piano player in a moving picture theatre in Clifton Forge.

When we had moved to Iron Gate Mother had insisted that I continue to take music lessons and altho' my musical ability by 1915 - or ever - was certainly nothing to brag about, I <u>was</u> able to watch the movie and play at the same time, racing thru "A trip to Niagara" or some similar number when a cowboy was riding hard across the plains or when Pearl White or some other silent screen star was jumping from a moving train on to an automobile in a serial "thriller" - and to render "Hearts and Flowers" in a soft, slow, tear-provoking manner, whenever there was a death scene or the lovers were reunited at the end of the

Lewis Stansbury Musgrove
1918

reel (just before the lights went on!)

In later years Bob took some music lessons too, but he disliked the idea even more than I had and consequently didn't continue for anything like as long as I had - much to Mother's disappointment.

Among my parents' friends in Clifton Forge was a family by the name of Tinsley and during the summer of 1915 Mother and Mrs. Tinsley hit upon the plan for me to live with them the following winter from Sunday night until Friday afternoon each week, while I was attending my last year of high school.

Mr. Tinsley was a successful business man and Postmaster, and they had two attractive daughters, about grown, and a son slightly younger than I was. They had an exceptionally nice large home and since all of them treated me as a member of their family and I had the run of the house, I thoroughly enjoyed living there. When I "broke out" suddenly with measles one day at their home, and was quite sick - at the same time my family was quarantined because Bob had diphtheria - one of the girls and Mrs. Tinsley gave me my medicine and looked after me almost as Mother would have done.

I finished my high school work - all except a couple of examinations which could not be taken until June - in February of 1916. In the meantime the general offices of the Alleghany Ore & Iron Co. had been transferred from Iron Gate to Buena Vista, Va. and my family had moved to that place - which we had visited several times previously. After going to Buena Vista I decided to take some tutoring in my favorite subject - mathematics - not only because of the examination I was to take in June, before receiving my diploma from Clifton Forge High School, but also as extra preparation for Washington and Lee University, which I had by that time selected for my future Alma Mater. One night, before I had met many of the Buena Vista people, and when I was at the home of Mr. Frank Key, who was tutoring me, the fire whistle blew, and we agreed to postpone solving

for X or whatever we were doing - and go to the fire. It was Robey's garage and as Mr. Key and I watched the fire he remarked that that was Mr. Robey, Mrs. Robey and their daughter, who could clearly be seen by the light from the fire, watching it from the porch of the house across the street - and I have often recalled that he said to me "You must meet Mr. Robey's daughter, Marie, who is away now visiting her married sister - she is very attractive and you will like her". I probably would never have remembered what he said - certainly not for this long - except for the fact that soon afterwards I did meet Mr. Robey's daughter Marie, and while neither of us could have even dreamed it then, or for some years to come, we were married approximately nine years later (1925). But that's getting ahead of my story.

Few if any boys have entered Washington and Lee University greener and less worldly wise than I was when I matriculated in September, 1916 - at sixteen - but in those days and possibly still, "the way of the campus" is contagious, and in practically no time I was interested not only in the pursuit of an education, but in all the various other phases of college life. In short order I was pledged to the Sigma Nu Fraternity, moved into the house and actually enjoyed, along with six or seven "brother goats", being practically a servant to my fraternal superiors, until initiated after the end of the first semester. In succeeding years I was elected to membership in the Cotillion Club, The White Friars and The 13 Club. Dabbling in school politics I managed to be elected Vice President of my Junior Class, Commander of my fraternity chapter; President of the Cotillion Club and Leader of the Inter-fraternity Club Dance. Also I was appointed Assistant Leader one year of the famous Fancy Dress Ball, and for four years was on the Committees and in the "figures" of the Fancy Dress and Final Balls. My prowess in politics took a nose dive one year however, and after working two years as a sophomore and junior assistant manager of track, I lost out (to one of my best friends) in my efforts to be manager and to get a coveted monogram. I joined the dramatic club, the Rockbridge County Club, one of

Lewis Stansbury Musgroye
while a student at Washington and Lee University.

the boat clubs and even got on the staff of the Annual - I attended all the football, basketball and baseball games, swimming, wrestling and track meets, etc. and even followed the teams to other campuses. Like many of my contemporaries, I danced not only at all our college and fraternity dances, but also regularly at dances of other colleges and of several of the nearby girls' schools. With fraternity brothers and others of my friends, I made frequent trips to Sweet Briar, Hollins, U. of Va., Stuart Hall, V. P. I. etc. - going as far south as the University of Georgia and north as Annapolis, in search of fun and recreation. In fact, most of my five years at W & L - at least in retrospect and certainly as borne out by the college scrap book, I carefully and chronologically compiled - was primarily a round of trips and attending athletic events, dances, houseparties, club meetings, movies and bull sessions - with classes, laboratory work and studying thrown in, only as "necessary evils". However, the fact that I spent five years instead of the usual four, at college, is due only partly to the fact that I never let my college work interfere much with my good times, because I passed practically every subject I took (the first time!) and usually made fair to good grades. I switched from working towards an AB degree to a BS (ending up with several credits which I did not need for my BS) and the fact that most everyone's work was completely disrupted the session 1918-19 when the army officers moved in, inducted us, trained us and then discharged us - and the University was closed for over a month around Xmas, was also a contributing factor towards the length of my stay at the University. I took the R.O.T.C. training which was offered the spring of 1918 (V.M.I. 1st classmen trained us) and that fall after joining the Student Army Training Corps I took a competitive examination and was one of eight to receive an appointment to Officers' Training School at Fortress Monroe, Va. (Coast Artillery). Our appointments came, however, only about November 8th or 9th and after the armistice on November 11th, were rescinded.

Several of my fraternity brothers and I got appointments later however, to work during the vacation months of 1919 at Camp Dix, N. J. as field clerks - discharging soldiers returning from France. When we returned to W & L the fall of 1919 everything was back to normalcy - and my last two years at W & L were very much the same as my first two, except that for my last year I moved out of my fraternity house into a private home and really did some studying. Also I had by then - like many of my best friends - outgrown the habit of thinking I was in love with a different girl about every set of dances, and had settled down to one or two. Altho' my jeweled fraternity pin was out of my possession for my entire senior year and a certain charming young lady at Sweet Briar and I considered ourselves engaged, I never was entirely unmindful of the sweetness and allure of the girl at home (now my wife) whom I saw during vacations and usually when I was home for a weekend - even tho' we were each then, very much in the background so far as the other was concerned.

While I was at W & L - and had at different times been enamoured of some half a dozen or more girls - or at least thought I was - she had attended the Southern Seminary at home, had been engaged to at least one man, had had other ardent suitors and had attended the dances at V.P.I. A.M.A. V.M.I. and even W & L on various boys' bids. But even during those early years, whenever we were at the same party at home or the same dance, there was always something - let's hope it was mutual attraction and the first sparks of a real and lasting love - which always drew us together - between quarrels.

Altho' my college education was unnecessarily expensive - as was Bob's some years later - Father has said that if we hadn't spent the money, he would probably have lost it in the 1929 stock market crash - so he's glad it went the way it did, and we had the extra advantages and pleasures it paid for. I for one, would not take anything - not even a check for the full amount I spent - in exchange for those lazy, carefree

MARIE ROBEY
(who became MRS. LEWIS STANSBURY MUSGROVE)

"good time" years, the friendships made and associations had with people from every state in the union - to say nothing of the knowledge acquired and the degree received. More and more thinking people, I believe, are coming to appreciate that a real college education consists of much in addition to the admittedly basic and important facts, etc. one learns from the books studied.

Bob must have started to school at five and one-half because he graduated from grammar school in 1923, which was two years after I had finished college. I recall little about him during those years except that when I would go home for summer vacations, at Xmas or for weekends - usually taking one or more college friends with me - he, his dogs and other numerous pets were always under foot, but it was very convenient to have him around to send to the drug store, by the pressing shop to pick up a suit or elsewhere on his bicycle for something my guests or I wanted in a hurry.

Altho' his is a naturally sunny, friendly and happy-go-lucky disposition (so different from mine) it amazes me now when I recall how willing and almost anxious he always was as a little boy, to do most anything I asked him to. Bob has a good mind and his extreme alertness, when he was in school was almost a disadvantage. He had to do practically no studying in order to make average and above grades and as a result he had much time to get into mischief - usually involving the distraction of one or more of his less apt buddies. He has always made friends easily and as a youngster in grammar school - and even through high school and college - had quite a "following". Probably his success at present as an army officer, is due, at least in part, to that quality of leadership and his real ability to get along with people.

Once when Bob was in grammar school the principal, who was a friend of the family, called on Father and said that he had no complaint whatever about Bob's work and grades but that he would like to have help

in preventing him from ignoring general rules and regulations - and stated that he had once caught him roller skating up and down a school corridor, when he was supposed to be in study hall! Some eight or ten years later, when Bob was at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, a very strict military college, one of the professors called Father one time over long distance and said that either Bob would have to leave the Institute or he would. He explained that not only was Bob abiding by his own personal ideas of how far the military discipline should go, but that he had influenced other cadets to the point that the particular group had gotten practically "out of hand". Father made a trip to the Institute where conferences were had, Bob and his friends attending some, with the result that compromises were effected and Bob remained there, until his graduation a year or so later.

When I graduated from W & L in 1921 there was a depression on - also the furnace owned by Father's company was shut down so my rather vague plans to become associated with him in the iron business and/or the brick business, in which he has a financial interest, were "out". However, I soon obtained a position in Richmond, with a company headed by a business friend of Father's and within two months had resigned to accept a more remunerative position teaching high school mathematics and chemistry in a suburb of Chattanooga, Tennessee. Due to having relatives in Richmond and knowing a host of young people there, my short stay was extremely pleasant, but there was one incident that caused me concern at the time, tho' it is amusing to look back on now. The son of the president of the company I was working for had married a girl I had known quite well while I was at W & L and he had learned that once, after they were married, she was in Lexington and I had taken her to a dance "for old times sake". Theirs was supposed to have been a very "modern" marriage and she had assured me at the time that he would have no objection to her going to the dance, etc. However, when I accepted his invitation to dinner at their apartment, they got into a terrific argument about her having attended the

MARIE ROBEY MUSGROVE
AND ATTENDANTS

dance - and I was very glad when the meal was over and we had joined some of their friends, at the Richmond Hotel Roof for cocktails and dancing. Later, I heard that their infant child had died and that subsequently they were divorced.

Altho' I hadn't expected to, I thoroughly enjoyed life during the full session and half of the next one I taught in the Hixson High School, Hixson, Tenn. The Principal and his family, the people at whose home I lived and the other teachers, as well as the townfolks I met, were delightful to know and for some unknown reason they seemed to exert themselves to make life pleasant and interesting for me. Possibly I received special attention because I was the youngest of the men teachers - a fact that concerned me at first to the extent that I grew my first (and only) mustache, in an effort to look older or more like a "Professor".

I already knew many people in Chattanooga (from W & L days) and I soon was spending practically every weekend in town, going to athletic events, shows, debutante parties, dances at the Country Club or having dates with girls I had known or just met. The children I taught (and incidentally coached in track) were, for the most part, from comparatively poor families, but as a whole they seemed much more interested in obtaining an education than were the boys (some were called "sons of the idle rich") I taught later in New Jersey. I developed a real interest in many of those Hixson children and letters I received after I left indicate that they truly appreciated my efforts on their behalf. One of the young lady teachers and I became especially friendly and altho' the local people seemed to think we were a "match" our friendship really was never more than platonic. I was quite attracted at times to several of the Chattanooga girls I dated, but before I resigned in February 1923, to accept a temporary position at home with my Father's company, I had decided which, of all the girls I knew, I wanted to marry - and had purchased a diamond solitaire for the third finger of her left hand. Our engagement was not

officially announced until some two years later and each of us was still more or less "in circulation", but our families and friends knew that we had had an "understanding"!

My temporary position with my Father lasted less than a year and I then accepted a position to teach high school mathematics in the Kingsley School (for boys) at Essex Falls, N. J. While there I saw practically all the "sights" of New York and most of the current shows - also did a lot of skating and coasting and often spent weekends with the older boys at their homes. Some friendships made at Kingsley have endured to this day. One of the seniors came to Buena Vista the following summer to spend some time with us, entered the University of Virginia that fall, was initiated into my fraternity and later was a groomsman in my wedding.

Another senior (there were only four) entered W & L that fall and often when I have seen him in recent years, has pleased me by stating that it was my talk about my Alma Mater, its history, traditions, etc. that influenced him to select it for him. He is now a successful attorney in the offices of Wendell L. Wilkie. When school was "out" in June, 1924 I declined an attractive offer to return the following fall, only because I had decided that the teaching profession offered a very limited future generally, and I was anxious to get started in business.

By that time Bob had graduated from grammar school and had completed his first year of high school - and I think even by then he had met and "had a case on" the small attractive high school girl with pretty red hair, who was later to become his wife.

In September, 1924, while on a trip to Richmond I received a telegram from a Buena Vista boy who had an excellent position with an accounting concern in Charlotte, N. C. He asked me to come to Charlotte to see Mr. Walter Lambeth, Vice President of the American Trust Co. and Manager of its Insurance Department, about a position as special agent

Mary Stansbury Musgrove
(about 1926)

for that department. When I arrived in Charlotte, met Mr. Lambeth and learned more about what the work was, I immediately accepted the offer he made me.

It was during my association with Mr. Lambeth that I first acquired anything more than a vague idea of what a surety bond is, and since the underwriting of surety bonds has been my forte ever since, except for two years in the mortgage loan business and five years with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, it is obvious that my future - so far as type of business is concerned - was settled when that association first began. Not only am I indebted to Mr. Lambeth for much help in a business way, but also for more or less paternal interest and advice in personal matters as well. My business career to the date of this writing has been extremely pleasant - I have been unusually fortunate, having had many good breaks and only one or two tough knocks and even the "knocks" have, for the most part, seemed to turn out for my benefit. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good". Along the way I have had the help, council and advice of the highest type of associates and at this point I take pleasure in paying tribute to the following gentlemen -

Mr. Walter Lambeth, V. P. American Trust Co., Charlotte, N.C.
Mr. Torrence Hemby, Pres. " " " " "
Mr. Floyd G. Whitney, now Res. V.P. United States Guarantee Co., Atlanta, Ga.
(formerly Branch Mgr. Fidelity & Deposit Co. of Md., Charlotte, N.C.)
Mr. Herbert L. Dunn, Fidelity & Deposit Co of Md., Baltimore, Md.
Mr. Milton Smith, V.P. " " " " " " " "
Mr. John Campbell, Agency Mgr. Reconstruction Finance Corp., Charlotte, N.C.
Mr. John L. Henry, Special Represen. " " " " "
Mr. Frank H. Greer, " " " " " " "
Mr. Thomas R. Dew, V. P. United States Guarantee Co., New York, N.Y.
Mr. John T. Jones, V. P. " " " " " " "
Mr. George H. Reaney, Pres." " " " " " "

On June 30th, 1925 I was married to Miss Marie Robey of Buena Vista - daughter of William Thomas Robey and the late Susan Connor Robey. We were married in the quaint little Christ's Episcopal Church in Buena Vista, by the Rev. F. Ernest Warren and our wedding was such that Marie and I have ever since looked back upon it with real satisfaction and pride.

The church - beautifully decorated for the occasion - was filled to overflowing, except for the sections reserved for the families, long before the appointed hour of that beautiful "Virginia June day". Marie's sister, Mrs. LaTrobe Dillard of Buena Vista, was matron of honor and Alan Richardson of Richmond (now deceased) was best man. The six bridesmaids and six groomsmen included several of Marie's relatives and several of mine, but for the most part were friends of ours from out of town. Bob was one of the ushers and I remember that since he was only fourteen at the time, we had to consider whether or not he was going to look too young in a dress-suit. When I think of him now as a capable and experienced army officer, and glow with pride because of the citation he recently received in Italy; when I see the seven or eight year old daughter of one of the flower girls in our wedding, or realize that our own daughter - now past seventeen and away at school - is practically a grown young lady; when I'm conscious of the fact that Marie's nephew, Blair Dillard, - the handsome little boy who was the ring bearer in our wedding, was the same brave lad who as a paratrooper, jumped behind the German lines in France on "D" day, only to lose his life a few days later, and when I stop to take account of many other facts it seems that that beautiful day in June, when Marie and I were married, was much longer ago than it seems "just ordinarily". Truly, it's well that we humans, busy with our daily problems, do not stop too often to consider the passing of time.

After our wedding and the reception, we left for a motor trip thru Virginia and North Carolina and when our honeymoon was over we made our home in Charlotte for several months with our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomas of 716 Queens Road, Myers Park. As soon as we had selected some furniture (for which we paid a goodly part of the $1,000. my parents had given us as a wedding present, and spent the cash gift from Mr. Robey), we moved into our first home - a new four-room apartment at 406 Clement Avenue (Charlotte, N.C.)

Robert Ridgeway Musgrove
while a cadet at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Within three months of our wedding Marie visited at home and during the first year of our marriage we were both at home for Xmas and during my vacation. Also Mother and other of our relatives visited us. Marie and I have always been very close to our respective families and "in-laws" and we have spent practically every Xmas and most of every vacation period in Buena Vista - besides making extra trips upon occasion. Then too, our parents and other relatives have always visited us frequently. Mother especially was wonderful. She not only spent two to four weeks with us practically every year but was always ready and anxious to come to us immediately - whenever we needed her. When I had an emergency appendicitis operation in July 1927 she arrived in Charlotte almost before I came from "under" the ether. Two months later, when our daughter was born Mother came back - in time to carry her home from the hospital and to "start her off right" - at the same time caring for Marie - like her own Mother would have done had she been alive - for the weeks she was in bed after leaving the hospital. In addition she supervised the cooking of the none too competent maid we had at that time. Both of Mother's daughters-in-law have always agreed that she was one mother-in-law who truly was more like a real mother - and by every word and deed she proved her love for each of them.

In June 1927 Bob graduated from the Parry McClure High School in Buena Vista and that fall he entered Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg, Virginia.

1927 was a most eventful year so far as Marie and I were concerned. In February or March I changed my business connection when I was offered $100.00 per month higher salary and after Mr. Lambeth had said I could always come back to my old job whenever I wanted to. In July I had the emergency appendectomy heretofore mentioned and on September 16th our daughter - a beautiful and perfectly formed $7\frac{1}{4}$ lb. baby was born. Marie had wanted a girl and altho' I have always been glad our only child is a daughter - I had expected a son. When our doctor came out of the delivery room into the

corridor where I had been pacing up and down for some four long hours, his first remark to me was "Well, your wife has her wish - it's a girl - and one of the finest". We named her Marie, after her mother, but before her christening some months later - at the church in Buena Vista where we had been married - we had affixed Jane - after Mother's mother. We couldn't affix Mother's name since Mary and Marie were originally the same name.

Early in 1929 I went with The Fidelity & Deposit Company of Maryland - and four months later we moved to Baltimore, as it had been arranged that I should spend a year at the "home office" of that company. Before we went an interesting incident happened - one which, to my mind, proves what a small world this is, and shows how people's paths often cross and years later, recross. One day at the office in Charlotte a fellow special agent who had spent some time at the "home office" handed me a personal letter he had received, to read. It was signed "N. H. Cowley" a name I had never seen or heard - but the letter in part read something like this - "Recently I have noticed quite a few letters from the Charlotte Branch office signed Lewis S. Musgrove and the name takes me back many years - to when, in a small village in Virginia I taught music to a very apt little boy of that name. I wonder if you would find out if it is the same person?" Of course it was the same person and I immediately realized that "N. H. Cowley" was none other than Miss Natalie Holman whom I have mentioned in an earlier part of this book. Her family had moved to Baltimore, she had married and had also been filling quite an important position at the home office of the "F & D". While we were living in Baltimore we thoroughly enjoyed seeing her, her husband and her widowed mother often - and what a wonderful time Mrs. Holman and Mother had reminiscing about Longdale days - when Mother came to visit us! Incidentally, I jollied "Miss Natalie" for her use of that adjective "apt" and I was more or less on my toes in hopes she would still think it applicable!!

MARIE ROBEY MUSGROVE

In 1930 we returned to Charlotte, N. C. to live - after I had had a temporary assignment of six weeks in Atlanta and had narrowly "escaped" a new position in Jacksonville, Florida

In June of 1930 Bob had an experience which neither he nor the rest of our family has ever forgotten The young lady who later became his wife was arriving for the final set of dances of the year at V. P. I. and before going to meet her at the station Bob and some other cadets, one of whom was driving his family's car, decided to take a spin in the country. Before they had gotten a mile out of Blacksburg and as they rounded a sharp curve their car collided with a truck, resulting in a horrible wreck. One of the cadets - Charles Key from Buena Vista - was killed and Bob and all the others were injured to various extents Mother and Father were on a short automobile trip the day of the accident, returning to Buena Vista, only an hour or so after it had occurred and the first word they received was quite indefinite as to which Buena Vista boy had been killed. Needless to say, when they did ascertain that it was Charles Key who had been killed, they had the deepest sympathy for his family but it was a relief to learn - before they started for Blacksburg - that Bob was only injured.

In 1932 Bob graduated from V. P. I. but several months before his graduation he was married to Miss Eva Cullen of Buena Vista, daughter of Walter Lenna Cullen and Ollie Myrtle Cullen. They took a small apartment practically on the campus, for the period until he received his degree. Upon his graduation they went to Buena Vista to make their home temporarily with Mother and Father and Bob became associated with Father in the iron and brick businesses.

That same year (1932) I went with the Reconstruction Finance Corporation (closed bank division) and a year or so later, was transferred from Charlotte, N. C. to Columbia, S. C. After about a year in Columbia - during which time we lived at the Columbia Hotel - we moved to Raleigh,

N. C. and thence to Margate City, N. J. (a suburb of Atlantic City). In December, 1937 we moved to Forest Hills, N. Y. when I resigned from the R.F.C. to accept a position with the United States Guarantee Company - of which company I am now Secretary (Surety Department).

Our daughter received her grammar school education in four different states but in retrospect at least, that circumstance seems to have been beneficial rather than harmful. She has naturally seen much more of the country and had more different pleasant associations than if she had remained in the same school thruout those eight years. She has the unique honor of having composed the words and music of the official song of the grammar school from which she graduated in June, 1940. She completed three years work at the Forest Hills High School and is this year (1944-45) attending Southern Seminary and Junior College at Buena Vista, Va. - from which school her mother was graduated. She is president of her class and has been elected to be in the May Queen's Court. Next Fall she will enter one of the "four year" colleges in Virginia - as we have planned for years - but the question of which one is not yet definitely decided. We have recently revisited four, she is considering two and is registered at one (Sweet Briar).

Possessing the innate trait - passed on to me by both parents - of practically worshiping one's own "flesh and blood" and having an only child who has given her mother and me untold pleasure and caused us practically no embarrassment, I could write volumes about her - but for once at least, I'll restrain myself. As respects her, I'll only add that the last verses, quoted below, of two of Edgar A. Guest's poems, which I pasted in her baby book in 1929, truly express how we regard her - - and ever have, since the day she was born.

"Ah, well, this roguish little lass
Too soon will older grow;
Too soon these days of joy will pass
And calm be ours to know,
So let her romp and let her shout
The coming years I dread
When we shall sit alone, without
A child to put to bed"

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(JANE) MARIE MUSGROVE
— 1936 —

"If you're hurt we suffer also. If you triumph
We rejoice,
We are radiantly happy when you make the
braver choice.
So don't think you're unimportant. What you do and
what you'll be
Are all that really matter to your mother and
to me"

****

Early in 1942 Bob volunteered for service to our country (in the army) and after "boot training" at Camp Shelby, near Hattiesburg, Miss., entered the field artillery officers' training school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, receiving his commission as 2nd Lieutenant in January of 1943. Eva was in Hattiesburg while he was at "Shelby", visited him at "Sill" during his officers' training and when - after he had been commissioned and had had his first furlough home - he was assigned to Fort Sill to train other soldiers, went out there with him, apparently willing and anxious to face all the hardships which confront any young officer's wife who attempts to "keep house" near a big army post.

In June of 1943 Bob called me from Fort Sill - stated that he and Eva would arrive in New York in about three days, that he had an overseas assignment and that I should break the news to Mother and Father. Mother said immediately that she was coming to New York to see Bob before he sailed and it took Father, our doctor at home and me, to persuade her not to do so. I promised to have Bob telephone her as soon as he arrived in New York and I'm sure that hewill never forget any of the wonderful things she said. Looking back on it now, I believe she had the feeling that she would probably never talk with him again - and I have felt since that maybe it would have been just as well if we had let her make the trip.

Bob was in Africa for several months and just before he received the cablegram informing him of Mother's death, he had gone aboard ship to sail for Italy. The Red Cross arranged for him to disembark for long enough for the message to be delivered to him and for him to dis-

patch a reply by cable. He has been with the 5th Army since arriving in Italy, was in combat around Cassino, on Anzio Beachhead and all along the way up the Italian peninsular. If Mother could, or does know, that Bob feels that she still watches over him and tries to guide him and protect him from harm - as he wrote me from a battlefield in Italy, sometime after her death - she would, or does, feel fully repaid for all she did for him, even if she had had no other recompense. Tho' he has been almost continuously exposed to danger and has been in some terrifically "tough spots", during the nineteen months just prior to this writing, he has so far come thru unscathed. Some months ago he received a well deserved and long awaited promotion to 1st Lieutenant and recently he received, along with fourteen others, a citation for something they did near Pantino in 1943. We do not as yet have the details.

About the time that Bob went into the army Mother's health, which had for practically all her life, been so excellent, began to fail, but over the protests of those of us nearest and dearest to her - as well as of her doctor and others - she continued to supervise the running of the home, do some entertaining, keep up her church and welfare work and extensive correspondence, as well as make her customary trips with Father and visit us and relatives in Richmond. When we were at home early in December, 1942 for my Father-in-Law's funeral, Mother seemed in pretty good health and decided to come to New York with Jane Marie and me when we returned a few days ahead of Marie. About a week after her arrival in New York she suffered a slight heart attack and our doctor put her to bed for four weeks. He recognized that she had a serious heart condition, but hoped to rectify it to some extent and promised us that she might live a long time if she would take proper care of herself.

During the long stay in bed which extended thru Xmas and New Year, Mother was the best of patients - and so appreciative of our attention and the little things we did to entertain her, to help pass the time and give her pleasure and comfort. She kept saying "You are too good to

FREMONT FRANK MUSGROVE + MARY STANSBURY MUSGROVE
1942

me and wait on me too much - I'll be spoiled". Imagine Mother being spoiled - she of all people, who all her life had been so thoughtful and considerate of others - particularly her own family - and who somehow God had so constituted that she couldn't even help but put her loved ones ahead of herself so long as there was breath in her body.

In January, Mother's greatest wish at the time, was fulfilled. She had improved and the Doctor unhesitatingly said that she could make the trip home in time to be there before Bob arrived for his first furlough. I also went home for several days while he was there. By July and August - when my family and I were home for nearly a month - Mother seemed really better - in spite of the fact that she had had another heart "spell" and still at times complained of tightness in her chest. Her doctor told me that she might live for years - he couldn't tell. I was sad when we left but as we drove off and she stood on the front porch waving goodbye I had no thought that I would never again see her alive. Less than a month later - on September 8th (1943) Mother had had her breakfast and was lying on the sofa in the south living room. She and Father - who was having an extra "after breakfast" cup of coffee in the adjoining dining room - were listening to a radio commentator give the morning war news - and undoubtedly thinking about Bob. She had said she was not feeling good and Father had tried to re-assure her but she evidently soon realized her true condition because after she had gotten up, was hurrying back to her bedroom, and met Eva in the hall she said to Eva excitedly "Call Dr. Vaden - this is the end" - and maintaining her faculties as well as her most pronounced characteristic of always thinking of others, she took her diamond rings off, pushed on to Eva's finger the particular one she had long said should be hers, saying "This is yours" and handing her the other one added "This is the one for Jane Marie". She suffered for only about fifteen minutes - Thank God! After Dr. Vaden had done all he could

for her and she was unconscious, when Father imploringly asked him if she wouldn't "pull thru this one" he sadly shook his head - and in a few seconds she was gone.

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"Ye've got t' weep t' make it home, ye've got to sit and sigh,
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, and know that death is nigh;
An' in the stillness o' the night t' see death's angle come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, and leave her sweet voice dumb
For these are scenes that grip the heart, an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, and 'sanctified',
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories,
O' her that was an' is no more - ye can't escape from these"

"- - - - -Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear,
Who used t' love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up t' dome,
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home".
(from 2nd and 3rd verses of "Home" by
Edgar A. Guest)

* * * * * * * * * *

R29- 22694-6

Lewis Stansbury Musgrove
1944.

"But should underneath yoursmile and gaiety
You bravely hide a heavy, anxious and broken heart,
May the Good God be extra tender to you -
I pray your anxiety vanish into the blue,
And that He mend your broken heart
'Till it is better than when new"

Lee Parker

Marie Musgrove
at
Southern Seminary
1944-45

ADDENDUM to the Addendum - December, 1945

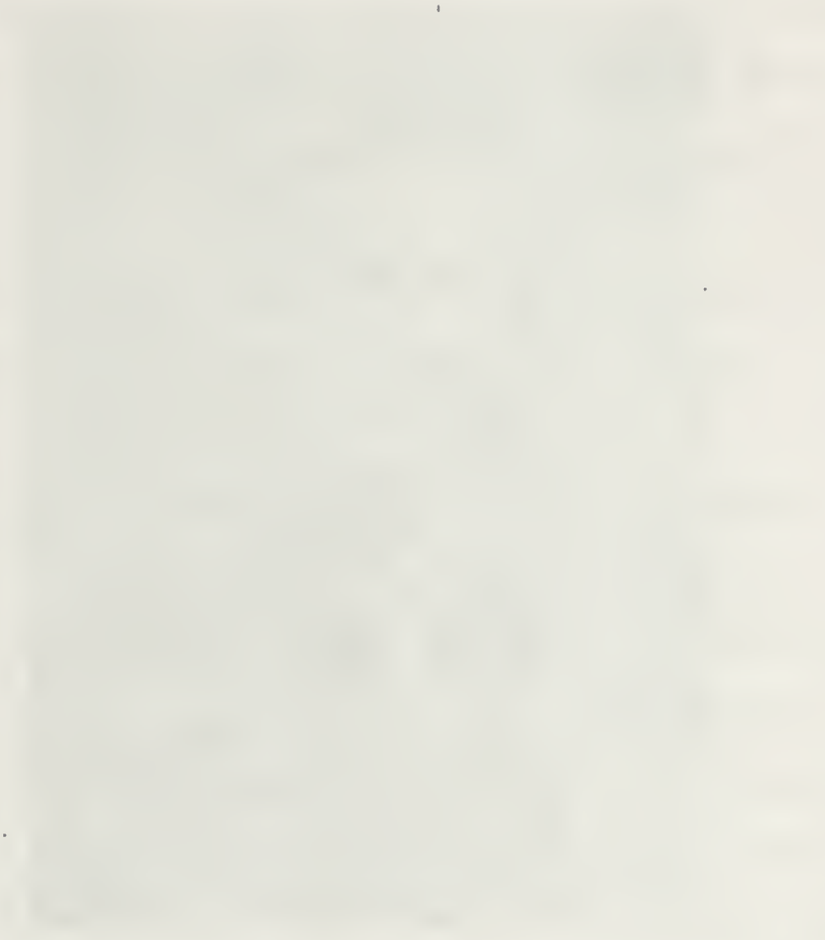
At this late date I have decided to add another few pages to this record of my family. I could first add the pages I wrote early last year (but later decided not to use) describing Father's agony, narrating the circumstances under which Bob, at an African port, received the cable telling him of Mother's death, giving the details of the funeral services - and more particularly putting into words, the anguish I suffered from the time I received the message, at my office in downtown New York, - through the week or ten days at home and until after I was back in New York, where I no longer had, for a while at least, to make decisions or put up a brave front because of Father - - Father, for so many years the patriarch of the family, on whom everyone had leaned in times of sorrow and trouble, who was, on the day Mother died, so stunned that he ever afterwards was the one who needed solace and encouragement to go on. But I will spare my readers from having to share what I consider as the most personal thing in life - a man's grief for a beloved one - and will only subject them to a quotation from what I wrote in a booklet "Memories", which contains all the information about Mother's death, funeral and interment -

"Volumes have been written about mothers - beautiful poetry and songs composed - each inspired, undoubtedly by some wonderful mother - but I am confident that there has never been and never will be, one more loving, more thoughtful, more sympathetic, more tirelessly helpful, more unselfish with time or effort, more understanding, more loyal, than the wonderful Mother in whose memory this is written, nor has there ever been a finer or more devoted wife. Now that she has gone to her reward, may God comfort her loved ones, guide them to so live that her Christian influence and life-long efforts may not have been in vain."

From the day Mother died Father was never the same. He came to New York for the first Xmas with us and though he looked well and tried hard to keep his grief and desolation to himself, we realized then that it would be years, - if he ever again had any desire to live. Several months later he showed real interest in our arrangements for flowers in the Church and the services which were in a way in her memory, but before the services were half over he had to be assisted from the Church, overcome with grief.

All the family tried to fill the void in his life, as nearly as we could. Eva was his greatest help because she continued to live at the house, looked after him, and kept the home going. He and I wrote at least twice a week, I sent him cigars, candy and gifts continually, and my family and I went home, even more often than ever before. He seemed to live only for our visits and for the end of the war - and Bob's return.

When our daughter, Marie, went down to Southern Seminary in September, 1944, he showed more interest in life generally than he had since Mother's death. He watched to see her going to Church or the movies or downtown with other girls in the afternoons - going over to the drug stores several times if he missed seeing her the first time - he looked forward to her dropping by the house to see him, went to the Seminary every pretty Sunday afternoon and many other times, to take her, and possibly some friends, for a drive and he actually solicited her requests that he do this errand for her, bring her fruit or candy, meet some boy who was arriving in town to see her, make train reservations, mail a letter or package to us - and any other thing that he or she - or we - could think up for him to do for her. As I have shown heretofore in this book, he spoiled his sons - when it came to his granddaughter - his only grandchild - he idolized her (had since the



Eva Cullen Musgrove
1945

Although I am most grateful to the Craft family for all they did for him - and I know they did everything they could, I would give anything I have if he could have been at home and if some one or more of his family, whom he loved so well and had always lived for, could have been with him when he died. I have been somewhat consoled in that respect since receiving a recent letter from Bob in which he points out that in driving from Buena Vista to Lignite, Father passed through "that part of the country which was never dull to him - no matter how many trips." He drove over North Mountain once more; down that most familiar curving highway, bordered for miles with beautiful trees and shrubs; through what is left of the village of Longdale - home to him because it was there that he spent his carefree childhood, obtained his education, courted Mother and lived the first 12 or 14 years of their married life. It was there that his four sons were born and two died. It was there that he struggled - and "molded himself into the great man he was." He drove on beyond Longdale past Sharon, the family burying ground, where his two first born sons, his parents, his sister, nephews and nieces are buried. Who knows but what he stopped and spent a few minutes at that hallowed spot - as all of us have done so many times over a period of years and years? Who knows but what some unseen force had caused him to take that last trip over the highways, most familiar of all the roads and highways he loved to travel? Had he not gone beyond Longdale - high up in the mountains again to Lignite - we would have thought "He went home to die!" As Mother would have said "Some day we'll understand!"

Before I left Buena Vista the end of July, I had had a second marker erected on that beautiful shaded plot on the crest of a hill, across North River but overlooking the city - where less than two years before a first marker and a family monument had been erected - and where

day she was born) and we are all thankful that she was in Buena Vista for ten of the last twelve months of his life - and for the pleasure they gave each other.

On Sunday night, July 1st, 1945, about 11:30, as I was walking alone to our apartment building after putting the car in our garage (which is some five or six blocks away) I was conscious of a feeling of extreme sadness and depression - such as I have experienced often during the past several years - but that time it was different. I had been concerned continuously about Father and thought of him often but that time the possibility of his dying came to me suddenly - and stuck in my mind. What if I should lose him too - while the war was still on and Bob still overseas? The thought was terrible and it kept with me - refusing to be dismissed by the consciousness that in less than three weeks my family and I would be in Buena Vista for my vacation, with Father. When I got to the apartment, Marie was already asleep so I did not tell her about it, but after I had finally gotten asleep, had been awakened about 2 A.M. by the telephone ringing and my brother-in-law had said "Steel yourself, I have to tell you bad news - it's your Father", - I told him how I had thought of Father and worried about him - just as he was dying some 450 miles away, at the home of Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Craft, where he stayed when making his periodic trips on company business to "the mines" (Lignite, Va.). He had driven up in the cool of the evening, with the thought that by doing so he would be able to get home early the next day, before the "heat spell", under which the entire country had been suffering for days, had exhausted him. The long mountain drive must have been too much for him because he was stricken soon after he arrived at the Craft home - and he breathed his last shortly after midnight - before the doctor, who had been summoned from the nearest town, had arrived.

Robert Ridgeway Musgrove
1st Lieut. U.S. Army
(photo. taken in Italy)
1945

FREMONT FRANK MUSGROVE
AND GRANDDAUGHTER,
MARIE MUSGROVE
AFTER HER GRADUATION FROM
SOUTHERN SEMINARY (H.S. Dept.)
MAY 28th 1945.

Father had gone time and time again - many times alone - during the intervening period.

My readers undoubtedly understand already how Father was loved and admired by his family and friends. Indicative of how he was regarded by business associates, is a beautiful leather-bound, engrossed copy of a resolution, the text of which follows -

"RESOLUTION adopted at a meeting of the Board of Directors of ALLEGHANY ORE & IRON CO. held on July tenth, nineteen hundred and forty-five:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to call from this life F. F. Musgrove, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Musgrove was associated with this business for over 30 years and for 18 years has served as Treasurer of our Company,

WHEREAS, In his death his family has lost a kind and good father and the community a respected citizen.

THEREFORE, Be It Resolved, that the death of F. F. Musgrove is a great loss to the community and to his associates. The Directors of this Company extend to his family their most sincere sympathy and condolence in their bereavement.

RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be entered on the minutes and a suitably engrossed copy thereof be forwarded to his immediate family.

(s) Stewart Huston
President

SEAL

(s) A. M. Herman
Secretary "

"One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are
baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."